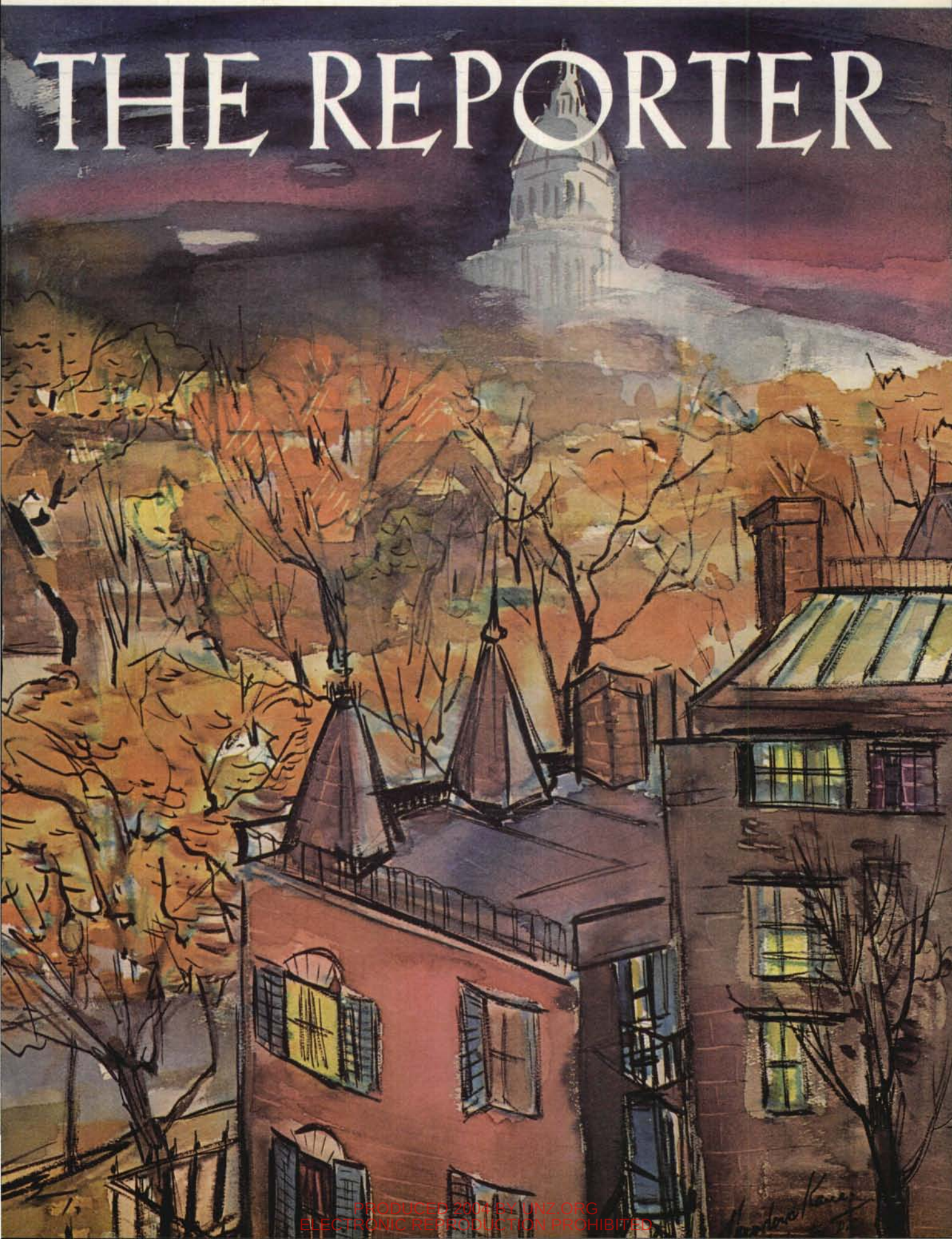
Two Faces of Southern Politics

oc October 5, 1967 35¢

THE NLF'S NEW PROGRAM

THE REPORTER



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Stronger than Steel, Lighter than Aluminum: A report from General Dynamics

That elephant is standing on a plank made of boron-epoxy composite.

So far, this new structural material has been used only for aircraft and space vehicle parts on a research basis, but it will be going into commercial use in the near future. And it could lead to radical change in aircraft and vehicles of all types as we know them now.

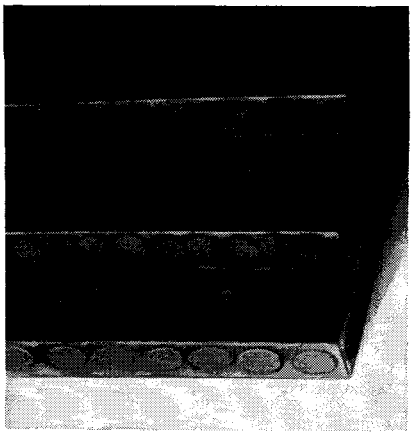
Take two identical aircraft, one built of conventional aluminum, the other with the same parts of boron composite. The boron airplane theoretically could carry twice the payload for the same distance, or go twice as far on the same amount of fuel.

An auto with body and frame of boron composite could be as big and comfortable as a Cadillac yet lighter than a Volkswagen. The combination of lightness and size would mean the car could be driven by a battery-powered aluminum engine and protected against impact with polyurethane foam bumpers.

For boron composites are a new *kind* of material. This form, with boron filaments embedded in epoxy plastic, is as strong and stiff as high-strength aircraft-quality steel, but 75 percent lighter. It is three times as strong as aluminum but more than 25 percent lighter.

What is boron?

Boron is a semi-metallic element—the fifth element in the atomic table. Widely available, it is usually found in combination with other minerals. Best known uses until now—and called for in limited amounts—have been the familiar household boric acid, or the borax used in glassmaking. In some chemical combinations it is almost as hard as diamond (but with even greater heat resistance), and is used to cut and shape such extremely hard materials as carborundum.



Each layer of the boron-epoxy filament tape is oriented at a different angle. This enables the laminated composite to withstand stress from any direction.

But boron was rarely, until recently, seriously considered as a structural material. The demands of space vehicles and high-performance military aircraft called for a deeper look. New kinds of materials, with hitherto-unrequired standards of strength, light weight, and heat resistance, have become crucially important.

For the past few years, General Dynamics has been working with boron composites—filaments of boron in "matrices" of plastics or metals—largely under contract to the United States Air Force. Sections of boron-epoxy have already been successfully tested in supersonic flight.

Brittle—and tough:

In many of the most common ways of shaping metals (casting, for one) boron is extremely brittle. But just as glass, brittle in many ways, has high strength in filament or fiber form, so has boron filament—extraordinarily high usable strength. And boron is also uniquely stiff—six times stiffer than glass.

These boron filaments mixed with, say, an epoxy plastic or molten aluminum, result in a composite which possesses the best qualities of both materials. The form closest to commercial use is the boron fiber in an epoxy matrix, although aluminum and even titanium matrices are being tested for more exotic uses.

For some military aircraft and space vehicles, these remarkable new materials offer an invaluable combination of great strength, stiffness, light weight and heat resistance.

But right now, boron is still expensive. Steel averages out at 6 cents a pound; glass fiber, at 60 cents a pound. And aluminum, which once cost $6,000 a pound, now ranges from 22 to 75 cents a pound, depending on the grade.

The boron-epoxy composite not long ago was priced at about $1,000 per pound. However, over the last few months, its cost has been reduced by more than two-thirds. As more applications are worked out and more demand arises, its price is already dropping still further to more economic levels, just as aluminum did.

It will be a while, however, before boron composite becomes competitive, on a pound for pound basis, with more conventional materials. But other factors might compensate.

In construction, buildings with structural members and other major parts made of boron composite could be built much taller—and in a wider variety of architectural shapes than is now practical.

Single span bridges twice as long as the longest now existing should be possible. Boron vehicles generally—cars, trucks, or planes—could go farther on less fuel. New commuter trains built of boron to aerodynamic principles could carry passengers to their jobs swiftly and comfortably.

The boron filament is made by drawing an extraordinarily fine wire of tungsten, heated to a bright-red temperature, through a chamber into which boron trichloride and hydrogen gases have been pumped.

Thin as a human hair:

In the vicinity of the hot tungsten wire, chemical reaction yields pure boron and hydrochloric acid. The particles of pure boron are deposited on the moving wire and the hydrochloric acid is removed from the chamber.

The final boron filament is four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, about as thin as a human hair. It is 95 percent pure boron and 5 percent wire core.

To build anything out of these filaments, they are first made into a composite in the form of a tape. About 212 boron filaments to the linear inch are coated with and embedded in epoxy on a glass-cloth backing to make a continuous tape in any desirable width. The tape is then rolled up on a spool for easy handling.

To build something out of the composite tape, a basic "sculpture," which

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might be a simple form for a flat panel or have more complex curves than the human body, serves as a mold.

Layer after layer of the tape is laid down on the form in much the same manner that any adhesive tape might be applied. Each layer is placed at a different angle (for instance, zero degrees, 45 degrees, 135 degrees) to enable the laminate to withstand stress from various directions. Composite products may be made in varying numbers of layers depending on the combination of weight, strength, and directional stress they must meet.

Any size or shape:

Boron-epoxy panels have been hand-laid experimentally in from three to 50 or more layers. Fully automated machines are being built that will lay-up boron composite sections in almost any size and shape that can be dreamed up.

When sufficient layers of tape have been placed, the entire form or part is "cured" in an autoclave—essentially a large pressure cooker.

The weight-saving will vary depending on how directional the load requirement is. The least reduction in weight compared to the same application in aluminum would be 45 percent. The reduction can be as much as 75 percent.

A three-layer piece would be only 1/60 of an inch thick. A 32-layer piece would be only 1/6 of an inch thick. But this 1/6 of an inch could be equal in strength to commercial building steel five times thicker, or aircraft-grade aluminum, three times thicker.

To meet some special conditions of space flight, General Dynamics is experimenting with variations far more exotic than the relatively simple boron-epoxy. These include boron-silicone-carbide filaments embedded in a whole range of metals such as nickel, copper, titanium, and aluminum.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment, nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building supplies; coal and gases.

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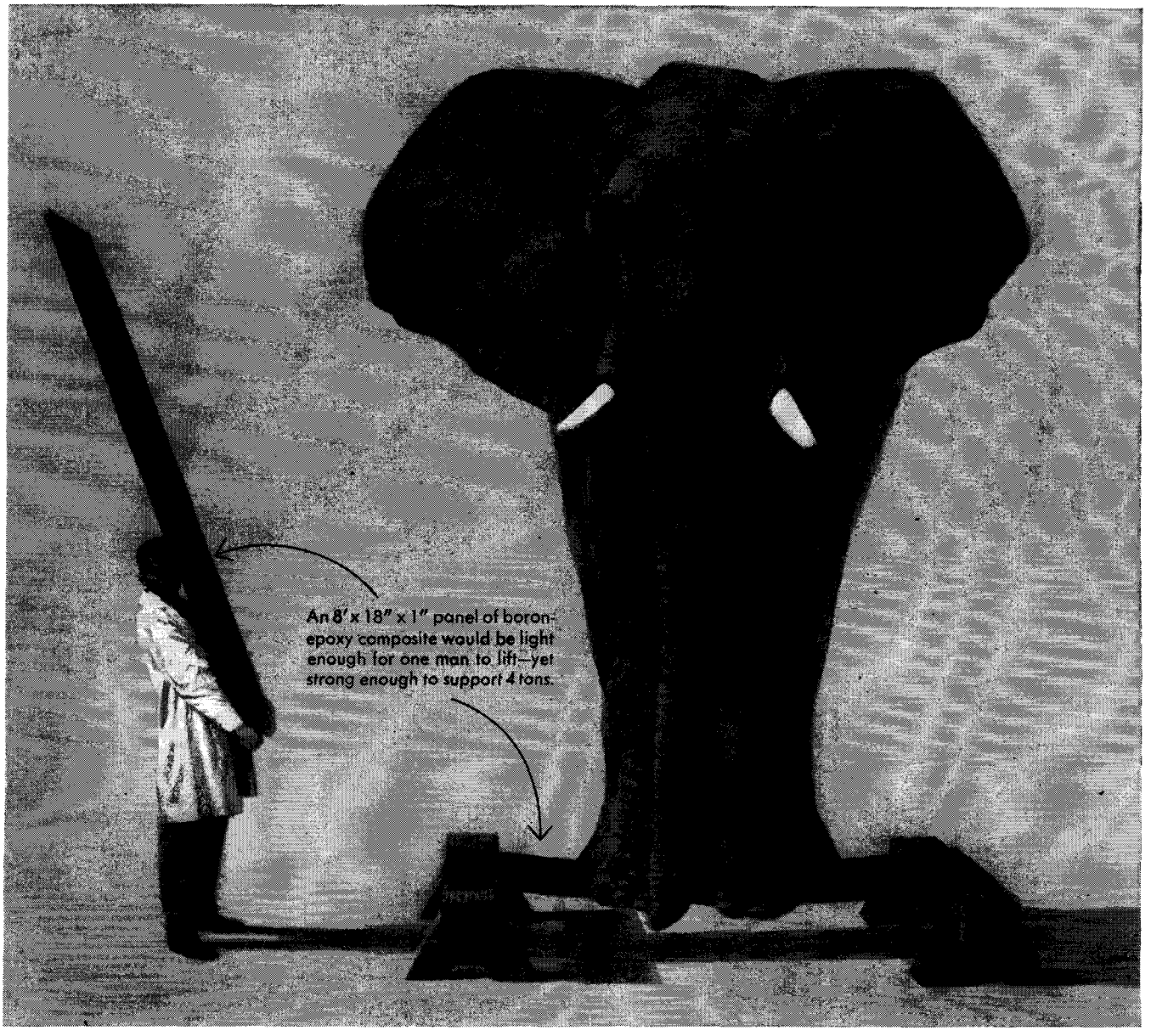

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She [illegible] does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

In each of the past few national elections the South has acquired increased importance and has at the same time demonstrated how unpredictable its electorate can be. An election year, like a baker's dozen, has more than twelve parts, and like a fiscal year, straddles the calendar. Thus we now are well into electoral 1968, and some political trends in the South reaffirm its unpredictability in terms of the contests ahead. The news in 1964 was the degree to which the South had moved toward the two-party system. This year it may be how far a three-party system can go. In Arkansas, the first Republican governor in nearly a century, Winthrop Rockefeller, has compiled a record of earnest endeavor and some reform accomplishment in a badly divided Democratic state. His drive for re-election will test the strength of two-partyism, while Senator J. William Fulbright's campaign may test the support for his views on Vietnam. The unknown quantity in both races, according to **Tom Dearmore,** co-editor of the *Baxter Bulletin* of Mountain Home, is the plans of former Governor Orval Faubus, who could enter either race. . . . Another unpredictable element and an original personality of Southern politics are treated in **Joseph H. Baird's** report on Lester Maddox's dismal record as governor of Georgia. Maddox seems likely to support George Wallace as a third-party Presidential candidate. Mr. Baird is a political writer for the De Kalb *New Era* and a special correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor.*

Of great significance for the course of the war in Vietnam is the decision—largely overlooked by most news media—of the National Liberation Front to follow the Peking line in rebuffing negotiations and in seeking broad political support in the South. **Denis Warner's** dispatch from Saigon relates the strategy to the post-electoral situation and to Hanoi's hopes of isolating the United States from the Vietnamese people. . . . **Fernando Krahn** is on the side of Hell's Angels. . . . **Alvin Rosenfeld** moved from his base as NBC correspondent in Madrid to Jerusalem when the Arab-Israeli crisis erupted. He toured the West Bank region for this report on Israel's occupation. . . . The confrontation of an expanding Columbia University on Morningside Heights in Manhattan and the Harlem community to the east has in recent years produced frictions that epitomize the problems and responsibilities of an urban university. **Rasa Gustaitis** is a free-lance writer who followed the conflict as a reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune.* . . . Leaders of the several African guerrilla organizations fighting white régimes received promises of material aid from the Organization of African Unity at its recent Congo meeting. The guerrillas have stepped up their activity in recent weeks and, according to **Anthony Delius,** who is on the staff of the *Cape Times* of Cape Town, have for the first time employed South African fighters on a front infiltrating the Republic.

Carolyn McCormick, the wife of a Big Industry Organization Man, has traveled widely in underdeveloped parts of Africa and the Middle East. She is working on a book set in present-day Libya. . . . Critics who long have been giving their blessing to the classic mayhem of Western epics and gangster sagas, and who in recent years have greeted the mass murders of James Bond and his sado-masochistic peers with cries of glee, have suddenly recoiled in pious horror from the movie *Bonnie and Clyde.* Why? Apparently it's fine and dandy to slaughter people by the busload as long as no one spoils the fun by showing us a true-to-death corpse. **Jay Jacobs,** a New York editor, critic, and artist, investigates. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor in chief of *High Fidelity.* . . . **C. W. Griffin, Jr.,** is an engineer as well as a journalist. . . . **Robert Sklar,** a faculty member in the Program in American Culture at the University of Michigan, is the author of *F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön,* published by Oxford last spring. . . . **Robley Wilson, Jr.,** teaches at the University of Northern Iowa.

Our cover is by **Theodora Kane.**

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CORRESPONDENCE

URBAN COALITION

To the Editor: I have read Eli Ginzberg's "Advice to the Urban Coalition" (*The Reporter*, September 7) with a great deal of interest and agree with a number of his conclusions. I hope that in the light of future developments it will turn out that he has underemphasized the potential of the private sector in contributing to solutions.

HENRY FORD II
Chairman of the Board
Ford Motor Company
Dearborn, Michigan

PROGRAMS AND PRIORITIES

To the Editor: Sar A. Levitan and Garth L. Mangum ("Programs and Priorities," *The Reporter*, September 7) are to be thanked for pointing out that despite a much-heralded anti-poverty war, the United States really has done very little to end poverty. More and more the government, with Congress in the lead, is abdicating its responsibility in this field.

It remains to be seen whether private industry will now come to the rescue—a move it should have made long ago. Since, under the free-enterprise system, we cannot force the giant corporations to pour their profits into social-development programs, it is heartening to see that, for whatever reasons, some of them may now do so.

C. J. BARBER
New York City

FACTORY CLASSES

To the Editor: "Private Industry's Factory Classrooms," by Rasa Gustaitis (*The Reporter*, September 7), should serve a very useful purpose in bringing to general attention a highly interesting development in vocational education.

WALTER A. COYNE, Director
Division of Program Support
Office of Education
Department of Health, Education and Welfare

To the Editor: Educators are doing social work, and industry is teaching the three R's. What a mess!

AMELIA NUGENT
Rochester, New York

NEW HAMPSHIRE

To the Editor: With reference to the article by Martin Nolan on New Hampshire ("The Primary Primary," *The Reporter*, September 7), in which it is said that "Few Republican leaders think that Reagan would spurn the offer of the Vice Presidency," I would like to direct your attention to the following excerpt from the transcript of Governor Ronald Reagan's press conference of April 25:

"Q. Would you take the Vice Presidential nomination?

"A. No.

"(Laughter)."

When asked about the Presidential nomination at his press conference in Sacramento on September 5, Governor Reagan replied: "I am not a candidate. . . . Let me say I am just going to do what I have been assigned to do here."

CLYDE E. BEANE
Assistant Press Secretary
Governor's Office
Sacramento, California

To the Editor: I have read the Martin Nolan article with interest. Contrary to what the Washington *Post* reported and Mr. Nolan repeated, I did not and never have stated that I personally favored or supported a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket. The comment made by me was simply that some editorialists and political commentators had indicated their feeling that such a combination could defeat the present White House incumbent. In my opinion, so could other combinations, in light of Vietnam and the debacle of the Great Society.

LOUIS C. WYMAN
U.S. House of Representatives

To the Editor: Martin Nolan's article on the forthcoming Republican primary in New Hampshire covered quite accurately the problems faced by each of the major candidates. It was as penetrating and well-written a piece on this subject as I have seen.

JOHN H. CHAFEE, Governor
Providence, Rhode Island

GELATT APPRECIATED

To the Editor: During my singing career, I made a rule for myself never to react to an article, be it good or bad. But now my career is over and I cannot resist to thank you most sincerely for the article by Roland Gelatt ("The Stuff of Legend," *The Reporter*, September 7) on the recent reissue of some of my old recordings. Your opinion can only go right to the heart of an old artist, who always doubted so much of himself!

PIERRE BERNAC
Paris

FLOUNDERING FISHERIES

To the Editor: In "Our Catch-as-Catch-Can Fisheries" (*The Reporter*, September 7) Thomas H. Lineaweaver III has accurately depicted some of the problems facing our domestic fishing industry. We appreciate his acknowledgment of the efforts of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries. As Mr. Lineaweaver pointed out, our communication with fishermen is imperfect. We recognize this problem and are attempting to increase our efforts in this field.

J. L. MCHUGH
Acting Director
Bureau of Commercial Fisheries
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: "Our Catch-as-Catch-Can Fisheries" neglects to mention a

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most important factor in the entire fisheries crisis, the competition between recreational and commercial fisheries.

With increased income and leisure, an estimated seventeen million U.S. citizens engage in salt-water fishing on a recreational basis. According to the Sandy Hook Marine Laboratory of the Department of the Interior, the recreational catch of major species is equal to or higher than the commercial catch. The author's thesis appears to me to be that commercial fisheries must be raised to the height of efficiency. He's going to run into a good deal of disagreement on this not only from anglers but also from motel operators, party fishing-boat captains, rowboat-rental dock proprietors, and others who make a living from recreational fishing. Nor are the fish themselves capable of unlimited exploitation. In the New York metropolitan area several species have become extinct and others, including summer flounder, are in trouble because of the combined sports and commercial catch.

Both sports and commercial fishing interests are united on one point, at least: the Russians and other foreign interests must be kept out of U.S. fishing waters. Extending the current three-mile limit to five hundred miles is probably the best way to do this, although it would certainly result in a problem in foreign relations with the Soviet Union and Japan.

ARTHUR L. CONE, JR.
Colts Neck, New Jersey

ROSSELLI'S PROSE

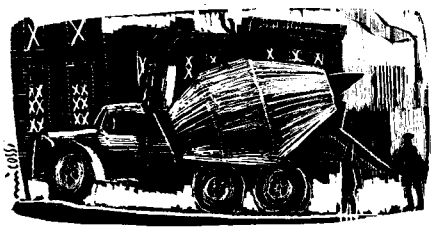
To the Editor: Aldo Rosselli's "Descent from the Hill" (*The Reporter*, September 7) is one of the most poignant and haunting stories I have read in a long time. The fatherless child, the wonderfully evocative walk to the chestnut grove, the professor's wise and tender preparation for the moment of "betrayal"—all are created with insight and skill. It is apparent, too, that praise should go to Frances Frenaye, the translator.

JOHN PERKINS
Chicago

TEAM DREAM

To the Editor: With every upbeat story out of Saigon we learn what a mess we're really in. Denis Warner's "Our New Team in Saigon" (*The Reporter*, September 7) is one more things-are-finally-getting-into-shape story that, in fact, indicates all too clearly how hopelessly out of shape things were, are, and will continue to be.

EDWARD MCLAIN
Fairfield, Conn.



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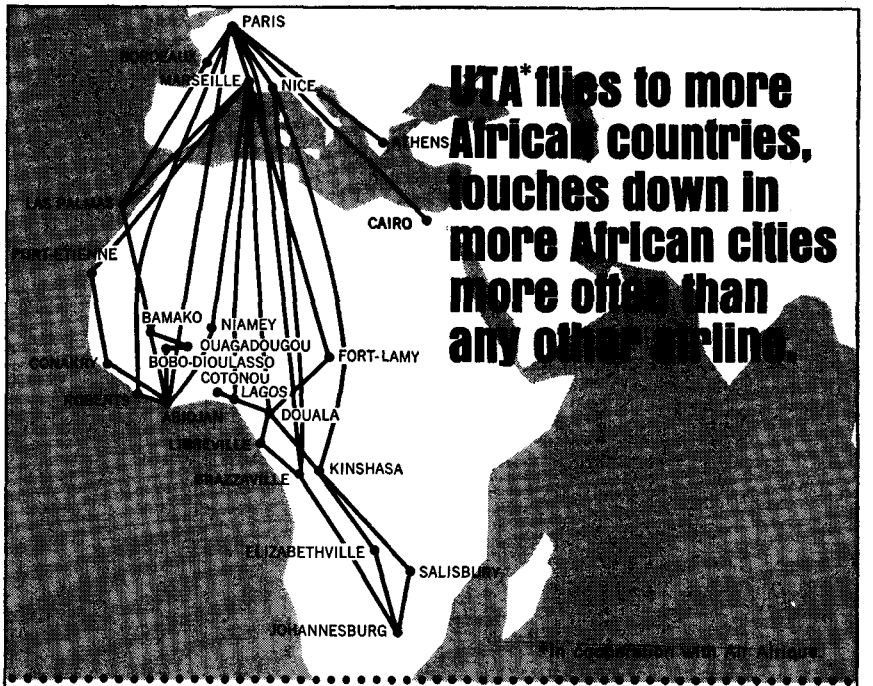

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Sleeper

On Tuesday morning, September 5, Governor George Romney was asked by a reporter at a press conference in Lansing whether he would consider himself a "positive dove." Romney replied that he would not, adding: "People are not reading what I have really said on this subject thoroughly." Romney had a point. The question had been prompted by remarks the governor had made on his now famous "brainwashing" interview, which had been broadcast in Detroit the night before and which had been taped on August 31. But none of the questioners on that morning after even asked him about his extraordinary statement, and the press release put out by Kaiser Broadcasting, in an effort to make news out of the show, also failed to mention the news that was there. "On Monday, September 4th," it declared, "Governor George Romney of Michigan stated on Kaiser Broadcasting's LOU GORDON'S/HOT SEAT PROGRAM that he would not be interested in accepting the Vice Presidential spot on the Republican ticket." The release, which was accompanied by a transcript of the show, went on to say that Romney "also discussed Vietnam, recent riots in the Midwest, the Mormon Church and his background and experience."

Although it is by no means clear that the "brainwashing" statement has done him in (mail to his office and to editorialists is said to be predominantly sympathetic), there is no doubt that Romney's remark was a gaffe and that it has done him a great deal of harm among party professionals. For this reason, the way in which the remark was inflated into a national issue by the press, after such a sleepy start, has aroused suspicion on the part of some of the governor's friends and advisers: What or who was behind the delayed pouncing on Romney's indiscretion? The answer turns out to be: bad judgment and bad luck.

On Tuesday both the UPI and Detroit's morning paper, the *Free Press*, buried the remark well along in their stories. UPI, for instance, put it in the ninth paragraph of a thirteen-paragraph story, which appeared in the Washington *Post*. But AP led with it, and the AP story was carried in the afternoon Washington *Star*. Moreover, the New York *Times*—although it put the story on page 28—went straight at it: "Romney Charges 'Brainwash' on War." Then the columnists based in Washington and New York began to write about the matter, and —more important—newsmen in the capital had a ready-made issue with which to tax the governor who, as luck would have it, was scheduled to arrive in Washington at the end of the week.

Not that things were any less ominous on the home front. In Detroit, Romney was about to become the victim of a lively press war in which he himself figured as a sort of bombed-out, ravaged DMZ. Unlike the *Free Press*, Detroit's afternoon *News* featured the "brainwashing" statement. And immediately thereafter it set about preparing a lead editorial for the following Sunday in which it would ask the governor to terminate his quest for the Presidency. The editorial was distributed as a news item to reporters on Friday with a Sunday release date, but the embargo didn't hold. In fact, the *Times*, the Los Angeles *Times*, and the Washington *Post* all carried stories about the editorial the day before it appeared. For its part, the *Free Press* did its friend Romney the dubious favor of printing the text of the *News's* editorial a day before the *News* did, as well as printing a front-page story about it under a six-column head—"DETROIT NEWS DUMPS ROMNEY." That afternoon, the *News* retaliated with an eight-column head—"NEWS'

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ROMNEY STAND STIRS U.S. UPROAR." "In a rare compliment to the dominating political influence of a competing newspaper," the *News* declared, "the Detroit *Free Press* broke the press associations' release times to publish a complete text of the *News*' editorial in a late Saturday morning edition of comparatively small circulation." It added that the editorial "will appear Sunday"—and, of course, it did.

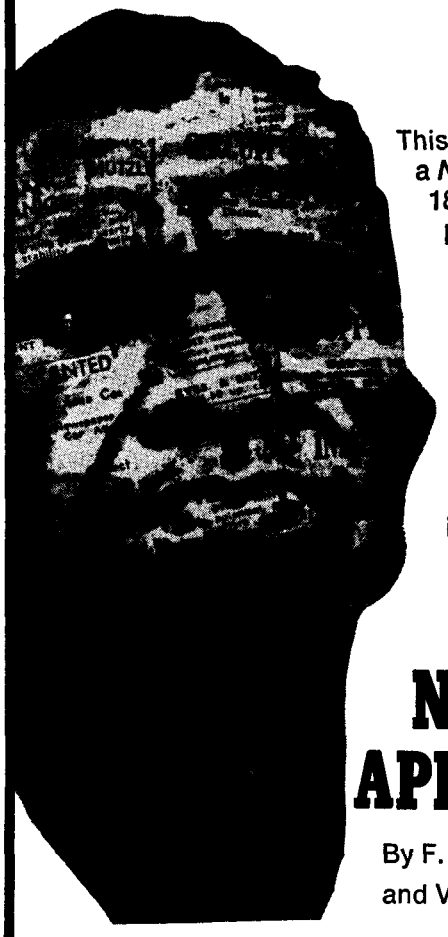
It is not inconceivable that some day Governor Romney may find himself sitting among his clippings and souvenirs, cursing the part the press played in his downfall. That, after all, is not an unfamiliar condition among Republican candidates. As we say, we are by no means certain that Romney has been brainwashed out. If that turns out to be the case, he will doubtless be obliged to give some thought to the role of his friends in the press, who —as the saying goes—may have made his enemies superfluous.

A few days after the fuss began, the *Free Press* undertook to defend Romney's new position on Vietnam, chiding him nonetheless for "a poor choice of words" when he referred to his "brainwashing." Coming from the *Free Press*, that may have been just too much. Naturally, no one knows for sure the source of Romney's gaffe, but some suspect it was none other than the *Free Press* itself. By way of paying him some compliments in a long editorial on August 28, for having "disengaged" himself from administration "nonsense" on the war, the *Free Press* explained Romney's earlier position this way: "He appeared to be brainwashed by the military during his 1965 trip to the front." That was three days before Romney taped his interview.

Igloo Renewal

The urban programs initiated by the Johnson administration have led perilous lives. The metropolitan development incentive grant program is one example. These grants—aimed at what many planners and political scientists regard as one of our most crucial governmental problems, the lack of joint planning in the nation's 224 conglomerations of cities

"Senator Robert F. Kennedy confronted the leaders of the nation's building trades unions in a Senate committee room today and told them that their efforts to open union ranks to Negroes had failed..."



This uncompromising opening to a *New York Times* article of April 18, 1967, quoted the Senator as predicting a new round of race riots in the cities this summer. "One of the reasons," he said, "is that Negroes and members of minorities are having difficulty finding employment. They feel bitter, frustrated, estranged from our society — from business, Government, and labor organization."

THE NEGRO AND APPRENTICESHIP

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and suburbs—would have encouraged states, cities, and counties to work together on urban problems to avoid repeating past mistakes. The Department of Housing and Urban Development asked for $30 million for the grants. The House allotted nothing; the Senate allotted nothing.

Another unhappy example is the administration's most imaginative idea, the rent-supplement program, which attempts to erase the barracks-like quality of public housing by building new projects—sponsored by churches, unions, and other nonprofit groups—on a human scale. Under the program, if a tenant's income rises so does his rent, but never to more than twenty-five per cent of his income. But each time the administration has requested money for rent supplements, the request has been either decimated or rejected altogether by the House.

The latest attempt by the Senate to rescue the rent-supplement program came on September 20, when it restored $40 million after the House had refused to appropriate any money at all. However, the rescue had less to do with the merit of rent supplements than with a smaller item in the appropriations bill labeled "Alaska Housing," for which the Senate voted $1 million.

Alaska housing is the child of Senator E. L. Bartlett (D., Alaska), who sought in vain for years to find a suitable Federal program to house the Indians, Eskimos, and Aleuts scattered throughout his vast constituency. None of the old Federal housing programs and none of the new ones, including rent supplements, would help the Alaska natives, who met none of the criteria for urban-renewal funds or other housing programs. Bartlett also complained that "I couldn't get a yes or no answer from anyone in the government."

In April, 1966, Bartlett, who previously had supported most urban programs, voted in the Appropriations Committee to kill rent-supplement money. "Within forty-eight hours," he said later, "everybody called me to say funds were available" for the Alaska natives. He defined "everybody" as the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the Department of the Interior, and the Bureau of the Budget. "There was a tremendous change of heart," he said. When rent-supplement funds came to the floor last month, Bartlett switched his vote and the funds were approved by a single vote, 46-45. "I hated to do it this way," the Senator declaimed, "but those huts and shacks in some parts of my state are a shame and disgrace to America."

Spurious Sacrifice

The name of Henry David Thoreau is ritually invoked by the small but growing number of those whose Vietnam protest takes the form of refusing to pay the portion of their income tax they believe goes to finance the war. Thoreau didn't pay his money, but he took his choice, which was a night in jail. Today's protesters seem to run less risk.

A recent appeal to magazine editors and writers to withhold a third of their taxes as a protest measure is typical of the current mode of sacrifice without inconvenience. A draft of the newspaper ad this group intends to publish cites the death toll in Vietnam and proclaims that "we are willing to lay our middle-class lives on the line" by refusing to pay up to a third of their taxes. A letter soliciting signatures to the ad pointed out that the penalty could be a year in jail and/or up to $10,000 in fines—not fatal, to be sure, but a sacrifice in any middle-class life. But, as any tax man knows, there's always a loophole. "However," the letter went on, "of the 421 signers of a similar no-payment ad in 1966, not one has been prosecuted and sentenced; of the estimated 1,500 additional protest nonpayers, none has been prosecuted since the war began."

Having reassured the prospective self-immolators that it won't hurt, the group explained that the Internal Revenue Service normally will collect the money anyway by garnisheeing income or attaching bank accounts. Thus everybody is served: the protesters feel comfortably defiant; the IRS—and the Pentagon—get the money.

One of the telling arguments against the proposal to allow citizens to allocate one dollar of their income-tax payment to a Presidential campaign fund was the prin-

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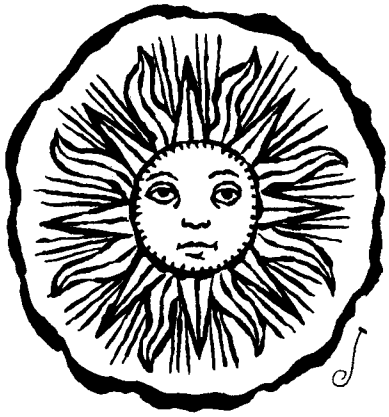
ciple that no individual should be able to place any kind of condition on how his tax money should be spent. It is a good principle. Without it, one can imagine a chaotic situation in which owners of pets withheld cash that might be spent on vivisection, vegetarians refused to contribute to livestock price supports, and Christian Scientists declined to support Medicare. Many of the Vietnam protesters would rather see military appropriations spent on fighting the war on poverty in city slums—a proposition to which we would subscribe if all things were equal. But there are many in rural areas who, particularly since reapportionment, feel that too much of their tax money already goes to the cities. Would they, too, have the moral right to withhold their tax payment to the degree it supports urban programs?

The campaign for tax refusal is by no means confined to editors and writers. It began with the self-appointed intellectual elite and spread predictably. Many of the defiant are otherwise loud in their allegiance to representative government and some were, no doubt, among the first to condemn the embattled lady industrialist, Vivien Kellems, when she refused to withhold taxes for her employees.

According to the IRS, there have been no prosecutions of the new tax-refusers because so far the government has never failed to collect. Yet somehow we feel that the frisson of civil disobedience with impunity is depriving these protesters of the full rapture of real sacrifice. It seems a pity.



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The Rocky of Little Rock

TOM DEARMORE

LITTLE ROCK

IT WAS Arkansas' political changeover of the century. Orval Faubus, the self-made man from the hills who was governor longer than any other man in the state's history, had finished his lengthy good-bye, laced with Scripture and sad poetry, and some of the legislators were all choked up. Outside the hushed House chamber the only Rockefeller who is a cowhand shuffled in his fancy boots as he waited to make his historic walk. When the moment came, he hurried stiffly down the aisle to the podium and took the oath as Arkansas' first Republican governor in ninety-three years. As he turned to face the phalanx of Democrats who compose the General Assembly, his face was drenched with perspiration and his voice broke with emotion.

Veteran observers on that morning last January still found it difficult to believe that Winthrop Rockefeller had pulled it off, and that in breaching the statehouse he had even carried in a Republican lieutenant governor. For Rockefeller is not a natural politician. He is uncomfortable with the breed and with crowds, his speeches convey little warmth, and he possesses no strong personal appeal. But he is a man of deep feeling and rigid determination, and he has, with money and hard work, fashioned a state Republican Party that is unique in the South in its racial liberalism, its drive for reforms, and its success at the polls. He has blotted out the reputation as a rich and racy New York carpetbagger that his adversaries sought to exploit, has emerged from a bruising legislative session as the psychological victor over a General Assembly in which his party holds only three seats out of 135, and has set in motion a string of wide-ranging administrative, economic, and humanitarian innovations. If they gain momentum and if the Democrats fail to patch up the divisions that made his election possible, he may win a second two-year term next year with relative ease. That is not foreordained at this point, however. Accident figured in Rockefeller's victory and a minor mishap in this Democratic province could bring him down.

A Unique Specimen

There has been no one like Winthrop in Southern politics, and Arkansas seemed to be about the hardest soil in which he could have chosen to labor. Never since Reconstruction has the state voted Republican in a Presidential election. It has been a rock of Fundamentalism (it and Mississippi are the only states that still have laws forbidding the teaching of evolution), and nowhere, in the pre-Rockefeller years, was there a state Republican Party of more dismal impotency. No one would have predicted during the Little Rock racial crisis ten years ago that the successor to the inflammatory Faubus would be a Republican, much less a liberal who had served

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on the Urban League's national board and who had addressed an NAACP convention, a Northerner, an advocate of teaching evolution in the public schools, and a divorced man who will take a drink.

It is too early to say that Arkansas has broken out of its mold, but in recent years it has developed some remarkable contrasts and has become a focal point not only in the building of Southern two-partyism but in the debate over national policies. It has produced, in Ozark towns only thirty miles apart, leaders as dissimilar as Faubus and Senator J. William Fulbright. They may be battling next summer for Fulbright's seat, along with Sidney S. McMath, who was the state's only liberal Democratic governor and who now speaks out for more vigorous prosecution of the Vietnam war. In deciding whether to re-elect their Republican governor with a New York accent and the U.S. Senator who says their sons have been dying in vain, Arkansans in 1968 may influence the courses of the South and the nation to a degree uncommon for so small an electorate.

Democratic leaders, including Faubus, are saying that a competent Democratic campaigner can unseat Rockefeller. They say that he wanted to be elected governor more than he wanted to *be* governor, that he is unapproachable, inept as an administrator, careless about answering mail, and indifferent to traditional political outings such as the Pink Tomato Festival and the Terrapin Derby.

There is no denying that Rockefeller's habitual tardiness and nonappearances have been damaging and that most of his "Era of Excellence" program is still unproved, but no Democrat has yet offered himself for the fray and Rockefeller has in effect been campaigning since midsummer. On many a shaded courthouse square he has sat in a large white bus, labeled "The Governor's Traveling Office," to meet privately with citizens of all stations who wish to propose, protest, or just be alone with a man worth millions. He has kept his promise that "If Win wins, Win will be back," made in all the little county seats last year, and now he is listening to pleas for prison paroles, building contracts, road paving, and larger welfare grants. His department heads accompany him, sitting on folding chairs beneath the elms to hear about the problems people are having with their agencies.

ROCKEFELLER opens these visits with a speech in some public place. On a recent visit to Forrest City in the Mississippi River delta country, for example, his arrival was half an hour late—early for him—but his crowd was not restless. Although the memory of General Nathan Bedford Forrest, CSA, is still to be reckoned with there, Negroes now compose a majority of the county's electorate, thanks to an intensive voter-registration drive in which Rockefeller's organization participated. They and the white urban voters who were repelled by last year's Democratic candidate, James D. Johnson, carried St. Francis County and a string of others in the delta for Winthrop, to the astonishment of everyone. Hence half—the front half—of Forrest City's gleaming new civic center auditorium was filled with well-dressed, good-humored Negroes, waiting to hear him report on his stewardship. Young Negro plant workers were there (the town has a number of new and integrated industries) and farmers from far out in the soggy cottonlands, and they had arrived early. Local businessmen and officials and county Republican leaders awaited the governor in the lobby. "It looks like us white folks will have to sit in the back," said one, peering into the hall. "That's where I'm *gonna* sit, right in the back row," a friend replied.

Rockefeller speaks poorly but arrives grandly, and his physical presence is a prime campaign asset. He stands six feet three inches in his socks, and in high-heeled cowboy boots and Western hat he is gigantic. Wide gray sideburns give him the look of a Western aristocrat. On this occasion he rushed in from the sticky darkness to greet his Forrest City audience: he had returned, as he had pledged, and no other governor has ever made such tours in a non-election year.

"Your government is coming to you. You are a part of your government," was the message. He introduced the department heads and announced that he would be at the St. Francis County courthouse the next day to answer all questions and hear all appeals. He regretted that he could not make all the changes

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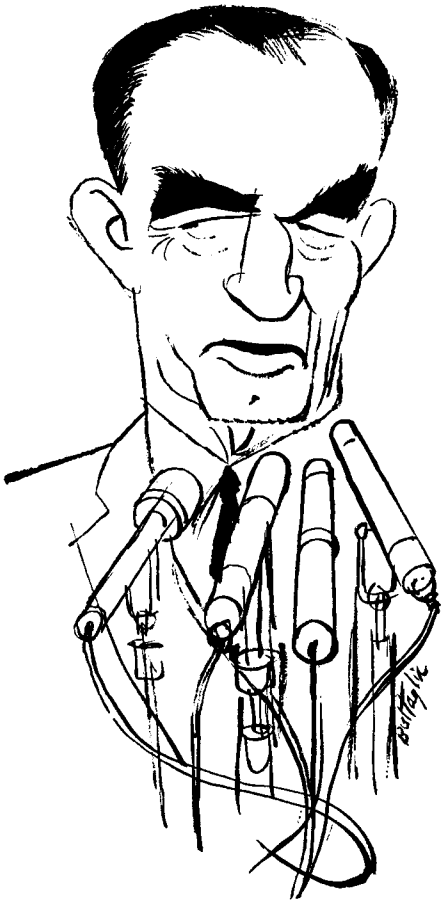
that were needed and blamed obstructionist state commissions that were still Democratic-controlled. But he promised to shoot square with the people and would depend on them to apply heat to their legislators, so that reforms could be enacted in a special session of the General Assembly he plans to call early next year.

The eyes of the listeners wandered and glazed as he gave a rambling, disorganized review of his main interests—high efficiency through professionalism, reorganization and computerization, the problems raised by an archaic constitution, remedies for the horrifying conditions at Arkansas' prison farms (which obviously do not horrify most Arkansans in any unbearable degree). But when the speech ended and he asked for questions, the audience woke up. A smiling Negro woman rose. "I'm so *glad* our governor has come here to *see* us," she exclaimed. "I just wondered if you'd recognize the little bitty people of St. Francis County." She wanted a road built to an isolated place. He explained that the Highway Commission was still beyond his influence, and urged "every one of you who is traveling bad roads [to] talk to your legislators" about the road planning he has proposed.

A Change in Tone

There is no attempt to employ emotionalism. Only when Rockefeller talks of inhumanity, often related to the trusty-operated penal farms he has called the worst in the nation and to capital punishment, does passion enter his voice. In his call for a special legislative session he will include consideration of repeal of the death penalty. There is no political mileage in the issue and virtually no hope for success, since the House in February turned down repeal by a 79-17 vote. But he will keep trying. Nor is there any doubt about his devotion to racial justice, even though he doesn't speak about it often. The Negroes know of his concern and remember that few other governors have spoken of it at all. Talking at the state's only Negro college, he said that Arkansas would not solve its economic problems until "we stop talking about ancestry and pigmentation and start talking about people." Example: "In Little Rock alone we have less than one per cent unemployment, but sixty-two per cent of the Negroes are unemployed." When he became governor, he said, "it wasn't unusual to get extradition papers that read 'So-and-so prisoner, black'. . . . that no longer is on such papers."

Faubus was the most skillful rouser and manipulator of passions in the state's history; his successor is incapable of even minimal demagoguery, of telling jokes successfully, or of bringing a tear to the eye. In Rockefeller's speeches the South's favorite demons go unbeaten, the flag unwaved, the past unrevered.



His main contribution has been a dramatic change of tone, an abrupt shutting off of hair-raising appeals to the prejudices of the populace—"a blessed quiet," as one estimable Democrat put it. His poor talents as a salesman are offset in large measure by a general belief voiced by a small businessman: "He may not be the greatest governor ever, but he's his own man." Beneficent motives are ascribed to him. "He don't want to take over this state; if he did, he'd just buy it," said a cotton ginner. He has spent an estimated $3 million on his political ascent, but the people believe that he is unapproachable by the interests that profitably sponsored Faubus.

Important politically to Winthrop is his position as the state's first royalty. Faubus in Forrest City could evoke shouts of "Hot damn, pour it on!," but a Rockefeller in town is something equally exciting, because only one of that species has ever been seen in those parts and because he doesn't *have* to be there.

THE LEGISLATURE, meeting in regular session when he was inaugurated, was generally considered a disaster for the Democrats. It sniped at Rockefeller for two months, giving him the image of the embattled underdog, then sprang a trap on itself near the end of the session. The lawmakers voted to legalize casino gambling at Hot Springs—a proposition that the people had rejected by a wide margin in a referendum two years earlier. Rockefeller vetoed the bill, with a ringing statement of principle, and the legislators went home to face thousands of outraged Fundamentalists. Some legislative leaders charged betrayal, claiming that the governor had implied that he would quietly allow the measure to become law to solve the century-old problem of illegal gambling in the resort city. He denied that, and during the summer his new state police director raided Hot Springs clubs and hauled away truckloads of gaming devices.

The legislators started the session by approving ninety-three commission appointments recommended by Faubus. It voted down Rockefeller-backed proposals for a modest state minimum wage, for jury-system reform, and for a "Little Hatch Act" to curb politicking by state employees; then it passed, over his veto, a bill that required Senate confirmation of all his appointments. He was heard to express the wish that "the bastards would go home," which did not soothe their tempers. But, perhaps to improve its tattered record, the legislature finally granted several of the governor's principal requests—for a new state Department of Administration (which he believes will ultimately save the state from

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$1 to $2 million a month), for a Governmental Efficiency Study Commission, for a Constitutional Revision Study Commission, for a thoroughgoing study of the scandal-ridden penal system, and for a $500 teachers' salary increase. Thus he came through the session with his reputation enhanced, while the legislature's was damaged. "They've re-elected him as sure as we're standing here," said a saddened Democrat.

Does the Melody Linger?

There is less certainty of that now, because the forthcoming special session holds perils for both sides and because the state may be entering a financial crisis that will give lawmakers an excuse to deny Rockefeller an extension of his programs. The study groups created at the regular session will recommend several innovations for which the governor will fight desperately, but the legislature may reject them and try to blame Rockefeller for an unbalanced budget. He will need some luck. If the legislature shouts and bungles as it did last winter, it could plaster itself and the Democratic Party with an obstructionist, anti-reform label and could indeed re-elect Rockefeller. But if it is canny it could seriously undermine him. Its members must determine their degree of attachment to the song, a parody of "This Ole House," which they belted out on adjournment day in March while he was in the chamber:

"Ain't gonna bow to Rockefeller,
Ain't gonna join the G.O.P.,
Ain't gonna pass his legislation,
Gonna act constructively;
Ain't gonna build his second party,
Ain't gonna tamper with the law,
Ain't gonna quit without a battle,
Gonna save old Arkansas."

Rockefeller believes he can claim significant achievements even if the legislature remains fractious. He has overhauled the state Insurance Department, which has been busy revoking the charters of questionable companies, including one which had no reserves, a $174 surplus, and $6 million in insurance in force. Founding of new insurance companies was a profitable business during the Faubus years, and the state has about a thousand firms compared to some seven hundred in New York State. Rockefeller has also established a well-staffed Economic Development Agency, responsible to him. He is meeting with industrialists, urging

them to build plants in Arkansas, and has been spending his own money on a variety of economic and educational improvement projects.

His chances for re-election hinge largely on whether his 1966 victory was a fluke, the result of widespread revulsion at the excesses of his right-wing Democratic opponent. "Justice Jim" Johnson is a George Wallace devotee, former director of the state's White Citizens Council, and a Goldwater maverick. He conducted a vitriolic campaign in which he seared not only Rockefeller but Faubus and the national administration, and wrote off the Negroes. Loyal Democrats deserted by the thousands to Rockefeller. Many share the opinion of one Democratic officeholder: "If Jim Johnson had gone on a vacation to Bermuda between August and November, he would be the governor right now."

Rockefeller cannot expect another accident as favorable as a Jim Johnson candidacy, and he must carry his case to an electorate that is overwhelmingly Democratic. The Democrats, however, are faction-riven as never before. No new leadership developed during the long Faubus régime. Johnson, who still has a following, charges that Faubus secretly helped defeat him and elect "the liberal lush" Rockefeller, and says he may run again next year if Faubus decides to oppose Rockefeller.

The genial Orval is at home in Huntsville, up in the cool Ozarks, shepherding his string of five weekly newspapers and hinting that he may run against either Fulbright or Rockefeller. He is crowing editorially about the racial violence in Northern cities, claiming that by comparison the uproar for which he was criticized at Little Rock a decade ago was nothing. Beatniks, peace marchers, Federal courts, liberal newspapers, and the Rockefeller administration are flayed with zest.

Rockefeller seems to wish that Faubus would oppose him and says he would "love to have the election right now." Some gamy scandals of Orval's administration have been unearthed this year, the governor states, and "there are more things that will come to light that will make it increasingly difficult for Mr. Faubus to think that he could run successfully again."

Very much in the light is Faubus's enormous new house, 214 feet long, perched on a precipice above Huntsville and possibly symbolic of his retirement from politics. He recently charged the Republicans with "a pretty slick trick" in invading the Democratic primary last year to assure the nomination of the weakest Democrat. Truman Altenbaumer, executive secretary of the state G.O.P., quickly credited Orval with an equally "slick trick." Faubus's take-home salary during his twelve years as governor was $674 per month, Altenbaumer stated, yet "He is moving into a $300,000 home that will take some $60,000 to furnish probably, and has acquired five newspapers plus extensive landholdings." Faubus denies that the house cost more than $100,000 and says he has merely been "frugal." He even publicizes the edifice and ushers tours through it at $1.25 a head, which is seen by some observers as an indicator that he is not seriously considering any political ventures. It is no secret that "friends," including state employees, helped pay for it.

Rockefeller's staff is heartened by a usually reliable poll that showed at midyear that the governor had the approval of more than sixty per cent of the voters and would flatten

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Faubus in an election at that time. "Of course anyone who is in a race with Faubus is in a hard race," a Rockefeller aide conceded. But it appears that only one Democrat, Representative David H. Pryor of Camden, could give the Rockefeller people something to worry about by announcing for the gubernatorial race at this early stage. Pryor, thirty-three and darkly handsome, probably could unify the Democrats, and Rockefeller would be no match for him in a debate. But his goal is a Senate seat, for which he may run in 1972, and it is improbable that he will heed the cries of some leading Democrats who want him to quit Congress and save the state from Rockefeller.

There has been a growing uneasiness, though, among those who wish Winthrop well. Trim and tan last year, he has grown fat and pallid, and nervousness has been apparent at some occasions. A leading Democrat who bolted to him last year says Rockefeller is not really communicating with the people, that "Just an average good Democrat could give him a helluva race right now, and next year an average Democrat might beat him." The Democrats use his private fortune against him, but with small success, because most people seem to believe that the money is an equalizer, offsetting the Democrats' formidable natural advantages. The main task facing the Democrats is not in fund raising, however, but in trying to win back the young people attracted by Rockefeller's reform image and the Negroes, who seem to have deserted en masse to Rockefeller. More than 100,000 Negroes are registered and the Democratic organization seems incapable of making any appeal to them, despite the fact that Rockefeller clearly could not have won without their votes.

His success has been possible, too, because Arkansas is not Deep South; it is a heterogeneous watershed state, a combination of the Old South, the Midwest, and the West, of Appalachian-type mountains, prairies, cotton fields, and expanding cities. Cotton has been dethroned and industry is the new king. The state's geographic diversity is at last being matched by political variety and unpredictability, now that its first spree of virulent racism under Faubus has worn off.

A campaign asset for Winthrop is his one-armed, crew-cut lieutenant governor, Maurice "Footsie" Britt, a native Arkansan who won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the Second World War. Also carried into office on the Rockefeller tide was a moderate Ozarkian, John Paul Hammerschmidt, the state's first G.O.P. Congressman since Reconstruction. These young indigenous personalities bolster Rockefeller and symbolize the party he has put together. It will not be supporting Governor Reagan for the Republican Presidential nomination next August.

The Fulbright Mystique

The opinion is growing that the governor's race will be Arkansas' main Donnybrook in 1968, and that Senator Fulbright will have to defend himself with vigor but will be returned to Washington. While his speeches against the Vietnam war have annoyed much of his constituency more than any of his philosophical lecturings of the past, they have also won him some grudging respect and even a growing number of converts to his point of view.

Rockefeller said at the Southern Governors' Conference at Asheville, North Carolina, in September, that Fulbright will not be easily beaten just because of his "dovish" stand on the Vietnam war. "We folks in Arkansas are proud of him," Rockefeller stated. "I think the majority of people are impressed with his courage in taking the position." Rockefeller said the United States belongs in Vietnam, but that Fulbright has strength in the state because of "his courage to take a strong stand against the President." He is thus not a target of Rockefeller's, although a Republican will no doubt seek the Senate post and war hero Britt has been mentioned as a possible candidate.

Nonetheless, Faubus could pose a formidable threat. "I dread to think of it," confesses one Fulbright backer. Faubus is a proved persuader and evangelical superpatriot who could render hot-weather crowds gape-mouthed by reading excerpts from Fulbright's addresses and writings which accuse the United States of arrogance and which pooh-pooh some of the "old myths" about Communism that are still prevalent in the Arkansas bojacks. Faubus seems to have little inclination toward an attempt for the Senate, however. His wife is reportedly averse to traveling so far from the new house, and at fifty-nine he would be a freshman in a strange environment, "just one more duck in a big pond," as he told a reporter. Doubts about his ability to defeat Fulbright are possibly a larger factor; too many affluent businessmen and courthouse politicians are committed to both men, and most of the influential people seem to believe that the governorship is Faubus's proper province, the Senate Fulbright's.

Sid McMath, a trim and dashing Marine Corps Reserve major general, has made more than 150 civic-club speeches in support of the war since touring Vietnam last year. He advocates stepping up the war effort and even invasion of North Vietnam "if necessary," and raps the Johnson administration for not resorting to sterner measures. The Senator has said publicly that he considers McMath a probable opponent, and McMath replied that his plans were indefinite but that he strongly disagrees with Fulbright on the war.

Fulbright seems shielded by a personal mystique—an impression that he is the state's permanent representative on Olympus. Arkansans are prideful when they see his face on the television screen, regardless of whether they agree with what he is saying. He is the state's answer to the notion that Arkansas lacks class, yet he has brought home more than his share of the pork barrel and has a passable civil-rights record, by Arkansas standards. On many questions, he and Senator John L. McClellan cancel each other's votes (he voted to confirm Thurgood Marshall, McClellan opposed), but most of the constituency seems benignly to believe that this means the state is bound to be at least half right on every issue.

Being half right has long been a comfortable state of mind for Arkansas voters, but it has not made for a healthy Democratic Party. Winthrop Rockefeller has exploited this to his advantage, and perhaps to the benefit of a two-party system in Arkansas as well.

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Lester Maddox: Puritan in the Statehouse

JOSEPH H. BAIRD

ATLANTA

POLITICAL MODERATES in Georgia expected the worst last January when Lester Garfield Maddox, erstwhile vendor of fried chicken and a nationally known segregationist, took the oath of office as governor. But Maddox's inaugural address amazed his friends and confounded his enemies by its tone of sweet reasonableness. He had received, he said, a "mandate" from his fellow Georgians. They had told him at the ballot box to give them a public-school system equal to the best in the nation and a system of higher education adequate to the needs of today and "the twenty-first century just ahead." They had told him they wanted good highways, technical training for the unemployed, public peace, an honest administration, and no "undue change" in the policies of the state government. "And above all," the new governor declared, "they do not want any extremist organization or group to have any voice or influence in any state program."

To newsmen covering the inauguration, these words sounded strange, coming as they did from the lips of a man with a long record of race baiting and the support of the Ku Klux Klan. He implied a pledge to follow the policies of his two immediate predecessors, Carl E. Sanders and S. Ernest Vandiver. Even Maddox's old enemy the Atlanta *Constitution* felt constrained to say editorially the following day: "Lester Maddox may have run like a demagogue, but he spoke like a governor Wednesday."

Restraint and Division

Even today, no one outside the governor's circle of intimates knows who wrote that speech. But the image it projected is not that of Lester Maddox now. Nor is his present image that of the Pickrick Restaurant owner who drove Negroes from his establishment (following passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964) by brandishing a pistol and distributing ax handles to his followers.

Since taking the governor's chair he has refrained from any race-baiting speeches, and he bristles when anyone mentions the troubles at the Pickrick. He has promised Negro leaders to be "the governor of all the people," and has opened

up a few state jobs for Negroes in areas such as the State Highway Patrol and the Georgia Bureau of Investigation where they did not exist before. He has approved the appointment of seventeen Negroes to Selective Service boards,

At the same time, however, he has shown little interest in legislation or the legislative process. He has badly frightened both Georgia's big-business community and educators by some of his policies and attitudes, has shown signs of a lust for power, and threatens to split the state's Democratic Party by his almost pathological hatred of the national administration and his political flirtation with former Governor George C. Wallace of Alabama, a probable third-party candidate for President.

THERE IS an enigmatic quality in Lester Maddox that impels him to pay lip service to an ideal and then by his actions to injure it. Maddox probably was sincere when he promised in his inaugural address to give Georgia a school system as good as any in the nation. As a man whose family's poverty forced him to drop out of high school and go to work in a steel mill, he knows the value of a public-school educaton. During the General Assembly session he plugged successfully for a $700 raise for teachers. His sympathy for higher education is less evident. He promptly cut from a budget prepared by former Governor Sanders a $10-million item for the "enrichment" of teaching in the state university system, although the General Assembly restored it over his protest.

His actions in other respects have kept Georgia educators worried. One of the immediate needs of Georgia schools, as a study commission determined three years ago, is the consolidation of small, understaffed schools into units that can afford larger faculties and broader curricula. Implied in this may be a small amount of racial integration.

In the past, consolidation has been entirely in the hands of local school boards. Last spring Maddox announced that he was opposed to any school mergers except when they had been approved by a referendum in the affected county, an action that is not required by state law. The issue assumed concrete form when the board of education in Carroll County applied to the Georgia Education Authority for a $1.3-million grant to erect a consolidated school. The governor announced his opposition to the grant unless and until the people of the county had approved the proposed merger of the two schools, and refused to listen to entreaties by the county board.

After Maddox, as chairman, declined to convene the Authority to act on the Carroll County request, two other members, James S. Peters, chairman of the state Board of Education, and Jack Nix, state School Superintendent, took advantage of a

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section in the Authority's charter and convened it. The seven-man Authority approved the Carroll County grant with only Maddox dissenting. Obviously angry when he left the boardroom, he told news-media representatives that the Authority's action reminded him of "something that might happen in Cuba, China, or Russia."

An Eye on Power

Educators received a bad fright in August when the governor appeared to be bidding for control of both the state Board of Education and the Board of Regents of the university system, now relatively independent bodies.

Apparently Carl Sanders, a University of Georgia graduate, unwittingly aroused his successor's ambitions by remarking in a speech at the university that the governor of Georgia could be a more effective executive if he had power over some of the state agencies that are now independent of him. He pointed out that of twenty-three thousand state employees, only two thousand are directly responsible to the governor. The next day, Maddox told Capitol newsmen that he believed an incoming governor should have the authority to appoint two-thirds of the members of the state boards and that he intended to ask the General Assembly for the necessary legislation. Yes, he said in answer to a question, he would include the Board of Education and the Board of Regents. "I could be more of a governor," he said, "if I had more authority."

Speaker George L. Smith of the Georgia House of Representatives, a powerful figure on Capitol Hill, said he was sympathetic with the idea of giving the governor more control over some of the constitutional boards—but not over the two that control the schools and the university. They, he emphasized, should remain independent.

Georgians are sensitive to any interference by the governor in the affairs of the university system because of a still vivid imbroglio during the administration of the late Governor Eugene Talmadge in 1941. He attempted to "purge" several faculty members at the University of Georgia whom he considered too liberal. The Board of Regents supported them. There followed a monumental fight in which the governor reconstituted the Board of Regents and forced it to do his will. As a result of this political interference in the academic domain, the university lost its accreditation by the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges. Public anger flared, and the redoubtable Talmadge was defeated for re-election in 1942.

Maddox also annoys and frightens educators by his frequent and vicious criticism of the Federal government's aid to education. Many Georgia counties, like those containing Savannah, Augusta, Macon, Columbus, and Marietta, receive substantial amounts of Federal money as "impacted areas" with large military installations or national defense manufacturing plants within or adjacent to them. De Kalb County (which contains a part of residential Atlanta), although not an impacted area, received more than $5 million from Washington in 1965-1966 and is slated to get about $4 million this year under various aid-to-education acts.

In August, the Lowndes County Board of Education, reacting angrily to prodding from a representative of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to step up the pace of desegregation, decided to remove the Negro teachers already assigned to predominantly white schools. They knew that this action might cost them $342,000 in Federal funds (as it eventually did).

On learning of the board members' action, Maddox telegraphed them: "I commend you for your strong stand against Federal encroachment on your local school system. . . . the greatest enemy of education in the United States is our own Federal government—those who would force local citizens and their local representatives to surrender to the socialists in Washington and neglect our first concern, that of the protection of our children, their teachers, their parents and education. . . . Their dictates are contrary to the U.S. Constitution and the principles of Americanism."

Recently, following a visit from George Wallace at the Executive Mansion just the night before, Maddox, talking with newsmen, lapsed into vulgarity in discussing Federal aid, although he often boasts that he does not drink, smoke, or use profanity and is a Baptist Sunday-school teacher. "If it is necessary," he said, "to protect the educational system of Georgia, I say we should tell the Federal government to take that money they have stolen from us . . . and ram it. . . ." The De Kalb *New Era*, Georgia's largest weekly newspaper, rebuked the governor editorially for his vulgarity, charging that he was making the state "the laughing-stock of the nation."

The Business Critics

Both during his campaign and since, Maddox has assured an industry-hungry Georgia that he is going to bring new business flooding into the state. Shortly after his inauguration he flew to New York and other large cities on "industry hunts," berating the state Department of Industry and Trade for failing to attract more large national firms.

Therefore he must have felt chagrined when statistics showed that during the first six months of his administration new capital investment in the state was down $69 million compared to the same period in 1966. For the same comparative periods, spending commitments for new industry were down $64 million and capital outlay for plant expansion had shrunk by $23 million.

Georgia's big-business leaders are reluctant to criticize the governor publicly. First, they think it would result in bad publicity for the state. Secondly, in some areas they are dependent on the state for favors, and some are vulnerable to punishment by regulatory agencies. But privately, certain of these leaders are alarmed and dismayed by the reactionary image the governor is giving Georgia. They realize that the heads of large Northern corporations, deciding whether to locate a branch plant or distribution center in Georgia, consider not only such basic things as land values, labor supply, transportation, and taxes but also the educational and cultural climate of the state.

The one public criticism of the governor by a major business leader came recently when Opie L. Shelton, executive director of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, wrote

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him an open letter in *Atlanta Magazine,* the chamber's publication.

At the May meeting of the chamber's board of directors, Maddox had spoken in complimentary terms of its Forward Atlanta program, observing that it had done more in six years to develop Atlanta and the rest of Georgia "than the Department of Industry and Trade has done in the twentieth century." But shortly afterward, addressing a more rural group, the governor had lambasted the "financial czars," the "schemers," the "people who want to see Atlanta take over the state."

In his open letter to Maddox, Shelton pointed out that the Forward Atlanta movement was financed and directed by the very people whom the governor had pilloried in his second speech. "Is there really any positive gain," Shelton asked, "to be achieved in turning back the clock to the old demagogic pastime of setting up the straw man 'Atlanta vs. the State of Georgia'?. . . . I respectfully urge you to re-examine your efforts, perhaps unintentional, to set people against people. . . ."

One group of businessmen who probably will never cast another ballot for Lester Maddox are the bar and nightclub owners of Atlanta, Savannah, Macon, and other large Georgia cities.

Recently the governor cracked down on the sale of mixed drinks between midnight Saturday and 2 A.M. Sunday, a period which, the bar and nightclub men say, can make the difference between profit and loss for the week. Armed with an opinion by Attorney General Arthur K. Bolton that the Sunday sale of liquor anywhere in Georgia is illegal, despite municipal ordinances fixing the 2 A.M. Sunday closing hour, the governor sent state officers to raid a number of Atlanta nightclubs. At the Sans Souci Club, some two hundred patrons were locked inside for a short time, and $7,000 worth of liquor was confiscated.

Ethics and the Laws

Whether Maddox acted thus from some inner puritanical urge or to entrench himself even more deeply in the rural areas of the state is a question only he can answer. But that he does have a puritanical strain is certain. Shortly after taking office, he announced the creation of a Committee of 1,000, composed of his political friends over the state. He said it would be the duty of the thousand members to keep their eyes open and advise him of things they thought he ought to know. J. L. Allen, an Atlanta mobile-home dealer who heads the committee, said recently that he was receiving some twenty-five to fifty letters a day from citizens with tips on matters of state government. Maddox's critics have labeled this a "watchdog committee" whose very creation implied

a distrust of the state's employees. Maddox also has fired an executive aide for taking some college students to dinner and buying them alcoholic drinks, warned the women in his office not to wear miniskirts, tried to stop public dancing on Sunday, instructed the state's law-enforcement officers to stop all forms of gambling, including bingo, banned the serving of liquor at the Executive Mansion, and started each day's work with a prayer service to which all Capitol employees are invited.

These ethical strictures have been accompanied by a disconcerting attitude toward the legislative process. "Take the legislation if you choose, but as for me and my family, give us God, liberty, and America," Maddox has said. As might be expected, Maddox has been unable—or unwilling—to exercise much power of persuasion or coercion over the legislature.

The governor, of course, owes his present job to the General Assembly. In the general election last November, Maddox received 2,500 votes fewer than the Republican candidate, Howard (Bo) Callaway. But since Callaway did not get a majority due to the casting of some fifty-seven thousand write-in votes for Ellis Arnall, the election was thrown into the predominantly Democratic Assembly. It elected Maddox by a vote of 182-66.

For many years, the incoming governor had chosen the man he wanted as Speaker and found a majority in the House to support his choice. This practice had become irksome to the legislators, and for at least a year there had been increasing talk among House members about asserting their independence and selecting their own officers without advice from the governor. The constitutional crisis over the election of the governor gave them a perfect chance to do this. About six weeks before the Assembly convened last January —and before it was known who would be governor—the Democratic members held a caucus and decided that George L. Smith of Emanuel County would be the next Speaker. He had filled that office for four years during the administration of Ernest Vandiver, who is no ally of Maddox's.

During the session, the House voted several times against Maddox's wishes. It made some major changes in his budget and passed a bill empowering the cities to assess a one per cent sales tax over his strong objection. However, the bill was killed in the Senate, where the governor wielded more influence.

Whither Maddox?

Two questions arise: Where is Lester Maddox going politically? And who is going with him?

Usually, a fifty-two-year-old governor in excellent health, as Maddox is, and one who loves politics

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as he does, aspires to another term or to the United States Senate. The Georgia constitution limits the governor to one term, and two political stalwarts, former Governors Sanders and Vandiver, are waiting in the wings in case the veteran Senator Richard B. Russell should leave the stage. So Governor Maddox's long-term political future is vague.

Meanwhile, despite his frequent protestations that he does not favor a third-party movement, he appears definitely to have linked himself to George Wallace's political ambitions. The result may be a split in the Democratic Party in Georgia, which was badly shaken when Barry Goldwater carried the state in 1964 and other Republican candidates were victorious that year and in 1966.

The Wallace-Maddox political love affair dates back at least to 1964, when the Alabama governor lent the Georgian encouragment when he was fighting in the Federal courts over the desegregation of his Pickrick Restaurant. One of Maddox's first acts after assuming power was to pressure the General Assembly—despite considerable opposition—to invite Governor Lurleen Wallace and her "aide" George to address the Assembly.

Since then, Maddox and Wallace have exchanged several visits. Wallace last came to Atlanta in August on what was supposed to be a secret visit to the Executive Mansion. But word of his flight to Atlanta leaked out in Montgomery, and when his private plane landed at Atlanta Municipal Airport he was amazed to find a press-association reporter and photographer waiting for him. Upon leaving the mansion later that evening after a dinner of fried chicken and roast beef, Wallace, talking with newsmen, tried to make light of his visit. He said the two men did not discuss his Presidential ambitions. He just came over here, he said, to have dinner with his old friend Maddox and to see a baseball game. The Atlanta Braves were playing in Houston.

Shortly before that, Maddox, addressing the Huntsville, Alabama, Press Club, came within an inch of endorsing Wallace's Presidential ambitions, and assured the Alabama newsmen that he would get a big vote in Georgia.

For a brief period last winter, Maddox appeared to be seeking a rapprochement with the White House. He flew to Washington, was introduced to the President by Senator Russell, and spent fifteen minutes alone with Mr. Johnson. He was seeking the release of some $70 million in highway funds allocated to Georgia, and to persuade the Federal government to locate a proposed $10-million oceanographic laboratory on Skidaway Island near Savannah. About this time he told a press conference that he could see signs the Johnson administration was growing more conservative.

But Georgia got neither the highway funds immediately nor the oceanographic laboratory, which went to Miami. Since then, Maddox has had little good to say about the President. The Associated Press recently quoted the governor as saying: "Unless we turn back this madness and socialism promoted by the President and the liberal crew around him, both the white and Negro races and the nation face destruction." In a speech at Waycross in August, Maddox said that President Johnson and the national administration had led this country to the "brink of collapse" by practicing fiscal irresponsibility and financing Communism throughout the world. His most recent statement on the 1968 Presidential race was that it would "take a miracle" to make him support Johnson.

The Johnson Loyalists

Former Governor Sanders, one of the few Southern governors to go all out for Johnson in 1964, and Lieutenant Governor George T. Smith (not to be confused with Speaker George L. Smith) appear to be emerging as the leaders of the "loyalist" bloc in the Georgia Democratic Party. Both made some significant remarks at a recent fund-raising dinner given by the Bibb County (Macon) Democratic Committee.

"We who are Democrats," Sanders said, "have been described in many ways, but let me tell you tonight there is no Democrat like a loyal Democrat. . . . We are just fooling ourselves if we think we can enjoy the benefits of being the majority party in political power without providing the leadership the people expect."

Lieutenant Governor Smith, who has taken frequent verbal potshots at the governor, said the Georgia Democratic Party was "sorely in need of a general overhaul." He praised President Johnson, linking his name with those of Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson, Roosevelt, and Kennedy as great Democratic leaders. Maddox, titular leader of the state party, was not present. That was the night he was in Huntsville, plugging for George Wallace.

Lester Maddox appears today to many observers to be a man who is pathetically eager to be a good governor, but who struggles under the heavy burden of a limited education, no previous experience in government, ingrained prejudices, very little knowledge of modern economics, and a puritanical outlook on twentieth-century society. But he is not powerless.

The governor recently put through the state Democratic Committee a change in rules that will give him complete control of the Georgia delegation to next year's Democratic national convention. It is virtually certain that he and Wallace, working as a team, will attempt to prevent President Johnson's nomination and to make the party's platform far more conservative than it was in 1964. If they fail in these objectives—as they probably will—they might, some observers think, attempt to engineer Wallace's nomination as Vice President in return for a promise of Southern support for the national ticket. If that too fails, Wallace would probably be a third-party candidate for President on a states' rights platform.

It is too early to say just how aggressive Sanders and Smith will be in their support of Johnson in 1968. The Great Society is not popular among the mass of Georgia voters. But the two men assuredly will not follow Maddox into the Wallace camp. Sanders aspires to a Senate seat and Smith to the governor's chair. The possibility cannot be ruled out that a rival anti-Maddox delegation will fight for seats at the convention.

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The NLF's New Program

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

How to harness Mao Tse-tung's thoughts to Kosygin's military hardware and at the same time maintain satisfactory relations with both Peking and Moscow is a perennial dilemma for Hanoi. Criticized by Peking for its tactical heresies and its deviations from the infallible blueprint for revolutionary warfare laid down by Mao in the 1930's, Hanoi has at the same time become increasingly dependent on sophisticated Russian weapons—the rockets, missiles, artillery, and anti-aircraft guns—which were designed for a different sort of war but without which its main-force efforts would collapse and its guerrillas wither away. However temporarily, the balance has now been restored. Peking has accepted Hanoi's battle plan, which leans heavily on equipment that only the Soviet Union can supply. In turn, Hanoi appears to have agreed to the hard-line Chinese attitude toward negotiations and to a new program for the National Liberation Front based on Mao Tse-tung's experiences in the war against the Japanese. This is said to have been drawn up by the central committee of the National Liberation Front at an "extraordinary" meeting in mid-August, presumably at its headquarters in Tay Ninh Province west of Saigon. The real issue for the Communists is whether to try to win victory by continued war and a major attempt to isolate the United States in Vietnam, or to seek peace by negotiations. Peking insists on the former, Moscow prefers the latter. For better or worse, Hanoi has accepted Peking's edict.

For many reasons, therefore, the Front's new program is of immense significance. To begin with, it is the first public declaration of intent since the Front brought out its initial ten-point plan of action in 1961. It reverses the strong tendency toward what Mao, under the existing circumstances in South Vietnam, has called "left opportunism" —namely the heavy emphasis on firm ideological control which crept in when the People's Revolutionary (Communist) Party, a component part of the Front, gained ascendancy and led the Front to abandon more subtle attempts to win popular support. The main task now, according to the program, is to unite the entire Vietnamese people.

This new emphasis on persuasion reflects, in part, the Front's anticipation of the recent elections and the creation of constitutional government in Saigon. More significantly, it reflects the internal difficulties the Front has encountered in recent months because of the insatiable demands of the war and Hanoi's new willingness, perhaps out of desperation, to adhere more closely to the judgments of Mao. It is no coincidence that the publication of the program at the end of August was preceded immediately by the republication and the widespread dissemination of Lin Piao's celebrated article "Long Live the Victory of the People's War," on which it draws so heavily. Nor was it by chance that Pham Van Dong, the North Vietnamese Premier, in a speech in Hanoi on September 1 (the day after the publication of the program), silenced North Vietnam's doves with the most hawkish speech of his career, applauding China's nuclear progress, praising its bomb, and pledging to spurn all peace overtures and to fight on to final victory.

The nuances of international bargaining do not preclude the possibility that even the public renunciation of negotiations may also constitute a form of negotiation. To state an unacceptable asking price is one way to begin haggling. In this case, however, the combination of circumstances leading to the promulgation of the new program and the program itself suggest that negotiations, if indeed they are ever contemplated, are for the future, not for the present. The program says: "So long as the U.S. imperialists do not end their war of aggression, withdraw all U.S. and satellite troops from our country, and let the South Vietnamese people themselves settle the internal affairs of South Vietnam without foreign intervention, our people will resolutely fight on until total victory." Neither Pham Van Dong nor Peking could have phrased it more firmly.

Uniting Everybody

The crux of the program is to create conditions in which the South Vietnamese people will unite to persuade the United States to withdraw under the promise of "free general elections to elect the National Assembly in a really democratic way in accordance with the principle of equal, direct suffrage and secret ballot." The chances are that it will never get off the ground, for the Vietcong have lost much of their popularity and mystique in the countryside. Nevertheless, it is difficult to fault the theory. One of the more startling revelations to come out of the elections of September 3 was the overwhelming advantage enjoyed by the organized minority in opposition to the disor-

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ganized majority. The Catholics, with fifteen per cent of the population, won more than fifty per cent of the seats in the Senate. They seem certain to do equally well in the elections for the lower house against their much more numerous but mostly disorganized opponents. The secret of their success was discipline. This also showed up in the vote for the peace candidate, Truong Dinh Dzu, and his Senate teams in areas under Front influence. If the September 3 elections had been open to all those living in areas under direct Front control, the roll would have been swelled by an additional two million long-indoctrinated and presumably well-disciplined voters. Unless and until the non-Communists, who are in the majority, rally together, discard their factional animosities, and start working for national unity, the Front's discipline will remain a powerful factor in Vietnamese politics. Its chances for success in future elections would inevitably be enhanced if it could succeed in turning what it once chose to regard as a civil war into a war between the Vietnamese people and the United States.

In the words of its new program, the Front now stands "for uniting all social strata and classes, all nationalities, all political parties, all organizations, all religious communities, all patriotic personalities, all individuals and all patriotic and progressive forces, irrespective of political tendencies." It is "prepared to invite and welcome all patriotic forces and individuals who oppose the U.S. aggressors."

THERE IS to be a "national union democratic government," based on democratic freedoms that guarantee freedom of speech, publication, assembly, and association. There is something in the platform for almost all men—and women, too. There is freedom of residence and lodging and of movement, and secrecy of correspondence. Women are promised equal pay for equal work. "Due consideration," whatever that means, will be given to the interests of small traders and shopkeepers. The right of ownership of the means of production and other property of citizens will be protected under the laws of the state. Capitalists in industry and trade will be encouraged to help develop industry, small industry, and handicrafts. There will be land reform, of course, but the plantation owners will be encouraged to keep their estates going. The religions and sects are promised continued ownership of their land for churches and pagodas. Where desirable, the Montagnards will be provided with autonomous zones. There is even a Chieu Hoi (open arms) program for defectors, Vietnamese and American alike. The Chinese in South Vietnam will not be forced to accept Vietnamese citizenship. Reunification with the North will be achieved step by step through peaceful means without pressure and without foreign interference.

Occasionally the mailed fist shows through the velvet glove. There are dire hints, for instance, of the punishment to be meted out to the "puppets." Inevitable references pop up to South Vietnam's accomplishment of its "internationalist duty," and the resistance to U.S. "aggression" is, predictably, "an integral part of the revolutionary struggle of the people all over the world."

The new dependence on a united-front appeal reverses the tactics used against the French. Ho dissolved the Communist Party in 1945, and relied on a united-front tactic until 1951, when he revived the party, declaring it "the vanguard and general staff of the working class and the working people of Vietnam."

In essence, the new approach is a faithful copy of Lin Piao's formula for world revolution based on the experience of the Chinese Communists in the war against Japan. "Holding aloft the banner of national revolution," he wrote, "our party issued the call for national unity and united resistance to Japanese imperialism, a call which won fervent support from the people of the whole country. Thanks to the common efforts of our party and of China's patriotic armies and people, the Kuomintang ruling clique was eventually compelled to stop the civil war, and a new situation with Kuomintang-Communist co-operation for joint resistance to Japan was brought about." Judging from its new program, the NLF has taken the point to heart.

Until the major intervention of American forces in the South, the Front and its Communist core, the People's Revolutionary Party, pursued largely persuasive methods in their dealings with the rural population. Terror was used, of course, but it was used with discrimination. By adopting tactics that forced the government into repressive action, they won people to their side. Recruits for the most part went voluntarily into the ranks of the Vietcong. The peasants paid their taxes without too much demur.

Rewinning Friends

The courtesies disappeared with the bigger war. Recruits were drafted whether they wanted to fight or not. Taxes progressively became heavier, and the party cadres fell down on their jobs, often alienating the people they were supposed to woo and win. A study document captured during Operation Cedar Falls on January 12 spells this out in detail. "Party cadres," it says, "are still very weak in facing the ever-increasing and complex war requirements and the present and future fierceness of the fighting against the enemy." Most party cadres did not pay proper attention to the masses' way of living. They failed to learn their grievances and aspirations. Often they were authoritarian, or again passive and pessimistic. The situation was described as "alarming."

Even more alarming trends in the Vietcong were disclosed in a "top secret" document issued by the Central Office for South Vietnam, as Hanoi's central command post in the South is known. It was captured by U.S. forces in Khanh Hoa Province in April. The following are typical of the document's comments: "Our armed forces developed considerably but still did not meet the requirements of the situation"; "Only half of our regular forces fought well. The regional forces mostly did not fight well and some of them hardly fought at all, while others were so embarrassed they could not fight"; "In certain areas, the combat efficiency of our guerrilla units had developed and they fought well, but in other areas that efficiency decreased or fluctuated, so that they could not fight the en-

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What do you have coming when you buy a plane ticket?

There you are: a little bit poorer. But with a round-trip plane ticket in your pocket.

What should you expect?

Expect an airline to remember that you're coming and not sell your seat to someone else.

If you ordered steak for dinner, expect steak, not chicken à la king and an excuse.

(And if you've brought the kids along, expect an airline to know what kids like to eat.)

Expect them to take your bags right at the curb. Expect your bags to fly on the same plane you do. Expect them back no more than 7 minutes after landing.

And expect any airline that sold you a ticket to be glad to see you. After all, they were glad to see your money.

Is this asking too much?

Not the way we look at it.

We built American with the professional traveller in mind —the man who expects service like this whenever he flies.

It all comes with every American Airlines ticket: a small piece of paper any Travel Agent will happily supply.

American Airlines

The airline built for professional travellers. (You'll love it.)

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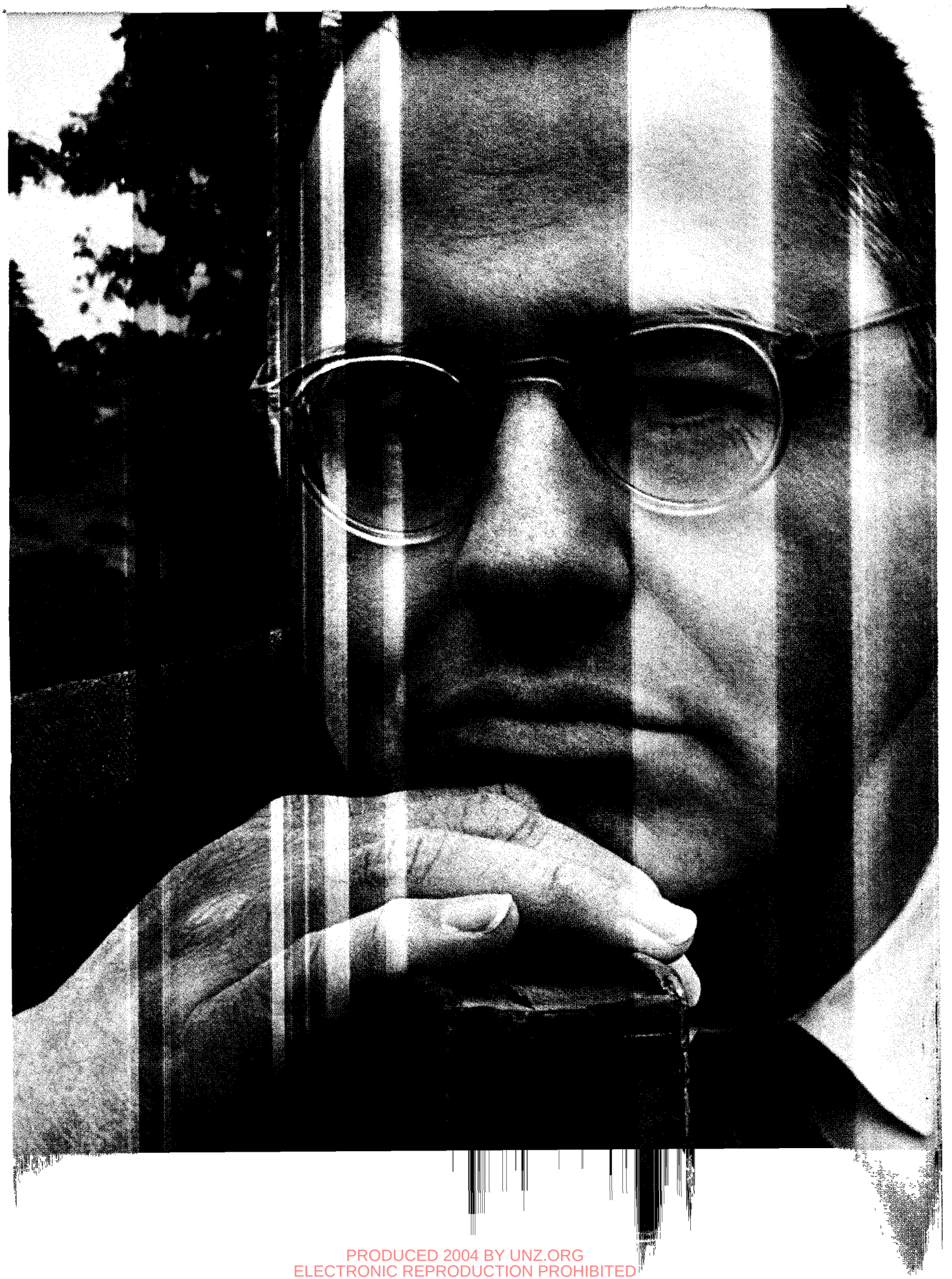

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This philosopher wants tomorrow's students to get the best teaching possible–with or without computers.

What's he doing at IBM?

Says Bruse Moncreiff, a philosopher by training: "You'll find computers on many campuses today, doing many things. And one current experiment which may prove increasingly important is computer-assisted instruction (CAI). But we must learn from the teachers—let them decide if computers can be useful as a teaching aid."

That's why IBM's Moncreiff spends most of his time working with teachers. He finds divergent points of view about CAI, but some things are clear.

"Today, both children and adults must be better educated, to survive in a world where change has become the norm," says Moncreiff. "And because each person is different from the next, one ideal method of teaching is one-to-one—individual instruction."

It's impossible to have a teacher for every student. But it might be possible for teachers to at least approach this ideal with the help of computers.

In one experimental method, a student sits at a typewriter that is linked to a computer. The computer types out questions. The student types back answers. If he's right, he gets a more difficult question. If he's wrong, he gets a hint; and if he really bogs down, the suggestion, "better see your teacher." The teacher can help the student where he needs it, while the other members of the class continue uninterrupted.

"The computer's role as a teaching aid demands hard thought," says Moncreiff. "Promising as it may seem to us, we must take our lead from those who know the most—the teachers themselves. It is they who will have the final say."

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 177

by HENRY ALLEN

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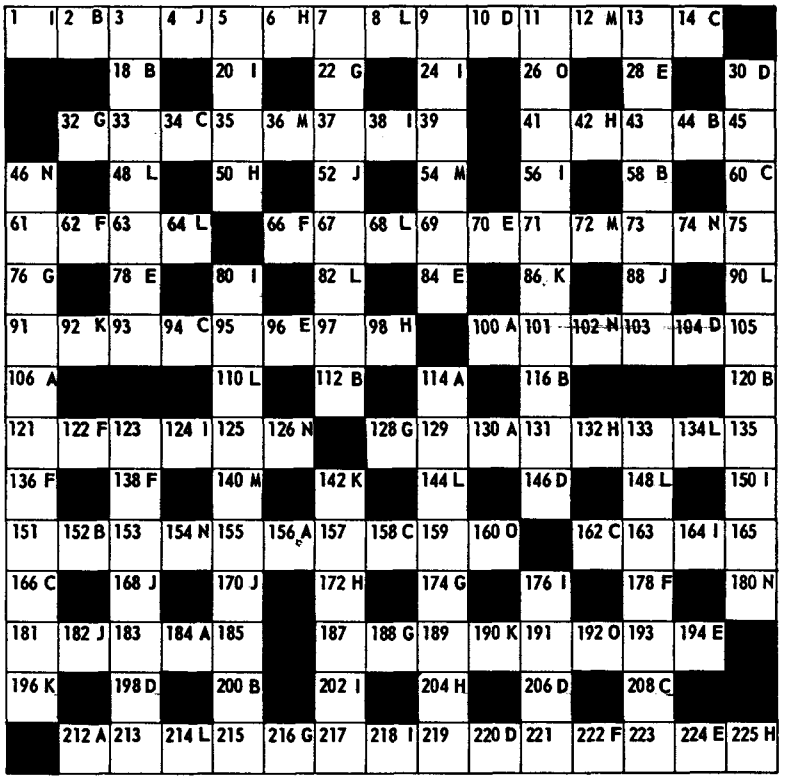
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
114 212 184 106 100 130 156 To speak with a certain speech defect.

B
44 152 112 18 200 116 58 2 120 A common distress-signal apparatus (4,5).

C
166 60 158 34 94 162 208 14 "Wisdom at one _____ quite shut out." Milton, "Paradise Lost."

D
104 30 206 10 220 198 146 Double.

E
78 224 96 194 70 28 84 "For a ____ in love, and a dastard in war, / Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar." Scott, "Marmion."

F
138 178 66 122 62 136 222 Prep school in Massachusetts.

G
174 128 188 216 32 22 76 Preliminary remark, often used to change the subject (3,4).

H
6 225 132 42 50 98 204 172 A supplemental item.

I
202 56 20 80 218 1 24 38 164 176 124 150 Native land of the Acrostician (6,6).

J
4 168 182 52 88 170 Common kitchen and dining-room appliance.

K
142 92 86 190 196 county in Scotland.

L
64 8 82 90 148 110 68 48 144 134 214 Blood-and-thunder reading matter (7,4).

M
12 36 140 54 72 Stained.

N
46 74 126 102 180 154 Luci's husband.

O
160 192 26 Where the rudder is.

ACROSS

1. The ones who get the five-yard penalty but are still right (3,4,7).
32. Feeling expressed by a fashion model or une Rhine damoiselle (3,5).
41. Rob, rend, ever a crime (archaic).
61. It's the place for cricket here in the Toronto valley.
66. Feathers and three strikes? It's had it! (4,3,3).
91. A green lad has grown into the Jolly Green Giant.
100. Followed by 151 across and 9 down, a forthcoming work of the Acrostician (6,7,2,1,6).
121. Expecting to pin in a hog.
128. King of Eastern policy which hinged on many things.
151. See 100 across.
162. I sin about unless...
181. ...Sault proposes a toast.
187. Pea-souper or terrible muddle (5,3).
212. Directions to Scotland, perhaps via 66 across? (4,3,3,4).

DOWN

3. Kind of confrontation which makes me cry, they say.
5. Kind of Steven or par.
7. Labor of many that existed pre-women?
9. See 100 across.
11. A hurricane or a powerful winch? (6,4).
13. Take nothing away from this soldier and he becomes a fabulous monster.
30. Traveled by following the tracks of another? (4,2,5).
46. At least as much, however.
80. Stew pot or press the pot (4,6).
114. A unit of Prufrock's life in coffee?
123. Caress the girl on the knee cap.
133. River to make lo croon.
142. Kind of hit that's shattering (1,5).
176. There's no fast involved with birds.

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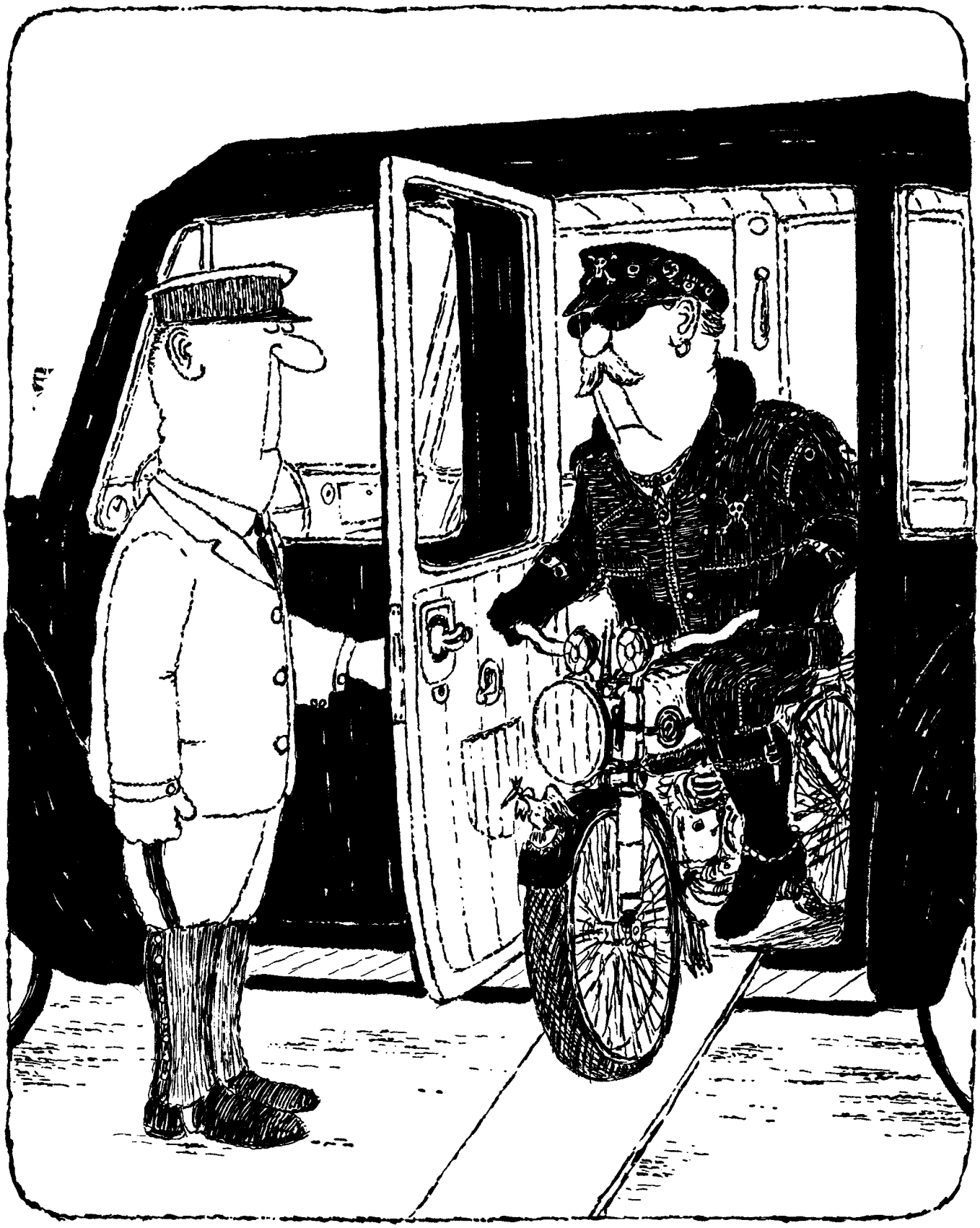

By Fernando Krahn

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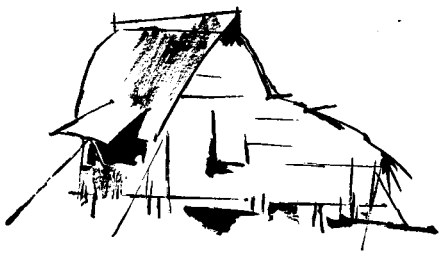
emy. People's warfare was not well developed . . ."; "Political activities and the party tasks were carried out well in the regular forces, but were still poor among the regional forces in certain areas"; "Many party committees at various echelons failed to strengthen leadership"; "Although the liberated zone was expanded, it was not yet consolidated, and no solid base was established there which could serve as a stable rear for the South." The report predicted accurately the expansion of the U.S. armed forces and was at pains to stress both the military and the political preparations that needed to be achieved to meet the threat.

IN MANY WAYS, the military problems seemed easier than the political problem. General Nguyen Chi Thanh's plan for a three-level offensive with main-force, regional, and guerrilla troops had worked well enough to throw General Westmoreland's spring offensive off balance and to prevent the pacification program from making any real progress. Thanh's death in July was a real blow to Hanoi. It has not resulted, however, in any basic change in military planning. General Vo Nguyen Giap, the Defense Minister, has taken over the strategic command of the war. His deputy in South Vietnam is believed by some specialists to be General Hoang Van Thai, one of the older and most interesting of the Northern generals. Thai has always been loyal to Giap. As commander of the Communist forces in the region immediately south of the demilitarized zone, however, he was also an enthusiastic supporter of the Thanh plan. Born in Thai Binh Province in North Vietnam in 1906, he was educated at French schools in Hanoi and later at a Japanese naval college. Later, he went both to Russian and Chinese Communist military schools.

One of the founder members of the Indo-China Communist Party, he fled with Giap to China in 1939. When the war against the French began, he became chief of staff of the Vietminh high command. Toward the end of the war, he served directly under Giap as deputy commander-in-chief, and thus had a major hand in the planning and execution of the battle for Dien Bien Phu.

He is both a member of the Politburo and a top-flight staff officer. Under his command in the Demilitarized Zone area, the North Vietnamese troops have come face to face with the U.S. Marines in repeated major engagements. His troops have taken brutally heavy casualties, but they have also learned that in favorable circumstances and terrain they can fight against American forces and inflict damaging casualties, too.



Pressure on Hanoi

How to wed his military tactics to a more effective political program that eschews negotiations at this time was the subject of deep debate in which Peking, characteristically, became publicly involved. After the death of General Thanh and the Johnson-Kosygin meeting at Glassboro, Peking launched a bitter campaign ostensibly directed against the American "imperialists" and the Russian "revisionists" for their collusion in attempting to persuade Hanoi to make some reciprocal gesture in exchange for an end to the American bombing. It was clear enough, however, that though the propaganda guns were pointed at Moscow and Washington, their shells were intended to burst in Hanoi.

The campaign ended abruptly on July 21, with the arrival in Peking of a North Vietnamese economic mission (which later went on to Moscow). That a large measure of agreement on policy had been reached soon became apparent with the adoption by Pham Van Dong of the Chinese position on negotiations and by the publication in the *People's Daily* and the Peking *Review* of long extracts from General Thanh's detailed analysis of the winter and spring campaigns in Vietnam. Mao does not lightly bestow his imprimatur on the works of lesser luminaries in the field of revolutionary war, even dead ones, and especially those who have sought to embroider and improve on his own sacred writings. This was indeed an occasion, and it was celebrated early in August by further promises of Chinese aid, by the republication of Lin Piao's article, and by the National Liberation Front's decision to try to return to the Maoist road of persuasion it had been forced to abandon by the pressures of war.

MANY of the problems confronting the Front in trying to apply the new blueprint seem insoluble. Where are the recruits and the taxes to come from if the use of threat and force is abandoned? To talk of isolating the Americans as the Japanese were isolated in China is all very well in theory, but the circumstances are entirely different. Only a victim of the wildest hallucinations could compare Japanese policy in China with U.S. policy in Vietnam. As the election figures show, American policies command highly significant popular support. Nor can the Front take comfort either from the elections or from the improving performance of the South Vietnamese Army since they were held.

Again, as many Vietnamese realize, the Front's program is altogether too good to be true. At the same time, one may be permitted to despair of the Vietnamese politicians. The reluctance on the part of the defeated civilian candidates and their followers to accept either their defeat or the leadership of the military provides a climate of dissension that the Front will be quick to exploit. Instead of settling down to the business of forming a united, loyal opposition that would offer a genuine alternative to military government in four years' time, some of them are bent on the destruction of the constitution that they themselves helped to create. If by their actions the United States could ever be made to appear to be the sole barrier to peace, standing imperialistically against a more or less united Vietnamese opinion, the Front would be well on the way to achieving its goals.

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The West Bank Waits for an Answer

ALVIN ROSENFELD

JERUSELEM

THE WEST BANK, the Israel-occupied half of the Kingdom of Jordan, lives in a kind of never-never land. It has contacts with Israel and with Jordan but it is a part of neither. It functions on a day-to-day basis, and functions fairly well, but it cannot plan ahead. It mingles with the conqueror, but neither vanquished nor victor is sure of the rules of the relationship. Its acceptance of the conqueror—sometimes grudging, sometimes almost willing—is on the purely practical level. Its future is a question mark and it lives in uncertainty and contradiction.

One thing is certain in this near-limbo: the Israeli Army is clearly in control. Thus far there have been few overt anti-Israeli incidents and few observers would doubt the army's ability to handle them. But the typical Arab village seldom sees an Israeli soldier, and there are few patrols in the main cities. The Military Government's policy, as stated officially, is to restore civil life as quickly as possible, to be as liberal as possible in civil matters, as stern as necessary in security matters. Thus, if shots should be directed from an Arab village toward a passing Israeli car, the Arabic-speaking border police would quickly arrive, investigate, and, like as not, blow up a few houses to show that such activities will not be tolerated.

But the West Bank's economy works and, except for specific problem areas, even blooms. The municipal administrations in the Arab towns have not been touched; no mayors have been removed from office; the local governments function as they have always functioned, although the national authority is now represented by the officers of Israel's Military Government rather than King Hussein's bureaucrats, and in the local courts verdicts are handed down not in the King's name but, more impersonally, in the name of "law and justice."

The Arab municipal authorities still operate under their old budgets as authorized by Amman; only if they wish to go beyond them need they consult the local Military Government representatives. In each town the local Military Government has its own offices separate from those of the municipality, but the two sets of offices are nearby, and there is a good deal of coming and going between them. And the Arab municipal officials know that the head of the West Bank's Military Government is also head of the army's central command and has the full weight of the army behind him.

Degrees of Co-operation

The Military Government people believe that under the circumstances the co-operation has been considerable, the resistance minimal. Of course the degree of co-operation varies. It varies according to district—the northern half of the West Bank, centered around Nablus, is cold and reluctant; but then the north has always been nationalistic and strongly anti-Zionist. The authorities in the south, centered around Hebron, have been positive rather than negative in their co-operation; it is not that they are necessarily pro-Israeli but that they believe such a stand will benefit their constituents.

Some officials are made cautious by fear—they remember vividly the punishment that Nasser, after the Israeli withdrawal from the Gaza Strip in 1957, meted out to those officials who had worked closely and well with the Israelis. The degree of co-operation also varies according to social-economic class. The peasants, largely nonpolitical, isolated in their tiny villages, concerned with family and clan and crops, always adept at avoiding authority, make no trouble. The city merchants seem principally interested in doing business, and that means shunning strikes and the like. The professional men, the young clerks, the college-age students, traditionally the groups from which Arab nationalists spring, are the most recalcitrant, although their hostility so far has shown itself mainly in lack of co-operation and occasional displays of pique rather than overt acts.

Small incidents like this occur: An Israeli woman with an excellent command of English happened to be in Old Jerusalem the day the Churchill book *The Six Day War* went on sale. She bought the book and then entered a local souvenir shop. The young Arab clerk, while eager to make a sale, was also curious about the book under her arm. How was it possible, he asked, that the book was written by Churchill when Churchill was dead? She explained patiently that it was written by the son and grandson of the great man. Was the work, he then asked, fact or opinion? She replied that, while she had not yet read it, she assumed it was fact with a certain amount of judgment and evaluation. Skimming through the book, the Arab found and read out a passage reporting that by mid-morning on June 5 the Israelis had wiped out the bulk of the Egyptian Air Force. Snapping the book shut, the Arab dismissed it with a one-word comment: "Opinion."

A FEW months' time, clearly, is not enough to overcome the heritage of nineteen years of separation and generations of tension. Arab men from West Bank towns like Nablus and Tulkarm sit in the cafés on Dizengoff Street, Tel Aviv's miniature Champs Elysées, but make no effort to talk to anyone and simply watch the girls in their miniskirts go by. Israeli tourists crowd the shops of Old Jerusalem looking for bargains or just looking, but the relationship is that of buyer and seller, nothing more. An American, once a resident of Israeli Jerusalem, returned to the city recently and told local friends he was thinking of renting an attractive apartment on the other side of a line which, officially, has disappeared. Their reactions were mixed: "How can you? Who will the children play with?" "You'd better get yourself an Uzi" (an Israeli-made submachine gun). "Oh, marvelous, if you rent a place

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there, I'll be the first to follow you; it's your duty to break the ice." "You're mad—it's much too early." In the end the American found it all too complicated and settled for a much more expensive apartment in a middle-class Israeli neighborhood.

But that is only part of an involved story. Arab workmen from such West Bank cities as Ramallah and Bethlehem have found jobs in Israel. Arabs man the garbage trucks in Israeli Jerusalem and no one even notices them any more. Arab and Jewish clerks work side by side in the Jerusalem municipality and there are no signs of tension. The first Hebrew courses for Arabs in Old Jersualem and the first Arabic courses for Jews in New Jerusalem are crowded with adult students.

The Economics of Division

Economically, Israel has had luck on the West Bank. True, the economy is puny by Israeli standards, representing about five per cent of Israel's gross national product. Hussein lavished his development budget on the East Bank and most of Jordan's modern factories are there, while the West Bank's economy is largely agricultural. But the agricultural marketing problem has been solved for the time being. Immediately after the June war the various Israeli ministries began attempting to replace the vanished authority of the equivalent Jordanian ministries on the West Bank. Israel's Ministry of Agriculture was assigned the normal farm-department task of over-all supervision of marketing of the West Bank's produce, organizing a daily report service on wholesale prices, deciding which quantities of each product should go where, and so forth.

The ministry was soon appalled to discover that the loss of East Bank markets would create a West Bank surplus of 120,000 tons of perishable produce. Israel's farmers being plagued with their own surplus problems, there seemed no alternative but to buy up the West Bank produce, sell what could be sold for processing, and dump the rest. Then, in a manner that has not yet become clear, there began the strange business of carting the produce across the Jordan River ford near Tubas to the East Bank. At this writing one to two tons of West Bank fruit and vegetables—plus oil, soap, and other commodities—are sold on the other side every day. The mayor of Nablus commented, "The Israelis close their eyes to this commerce," then paused and corrected himself to say, "No, they watch it with open eyes."

The Arab truck drivers who cross the river come back with Jordanian money, information, and gossip. Their trucks are powered with gasoline refined in Israel. Some of the products they carry beyond the Jordan are wrapped in paper made in Israel.

Some things are possible, some are not. The very warring nations that accept the West-East Bank trade as a matter of mutual convenience are unable to agree to reopen the Jordanian Bank branches in the Israel-occupied territory. Thousands of West Bank residents, therefore, find their funds frozen and have no idea when they will be freed.

THERE ARE other economic headaches. The factories have marketing problems. For example, the West Bankers are beginning to prefer the modern soaps of Israel with their attractive wrappings to the soap of Nablus, the West Bank's oil center, made in primitive fashion and wrapped in plain paper. But the factories are small, and their worries have a small impact on the economy. The taxi drivers of East Jerusalem used to do well serving the tourists, but the tourists now mainly patronize Israeli taxis. Similarly, Jordanian tourist agents suffer a business slump. These, however, are small groups.

Prices have risen partly because raw materials from Israel, a nation that has made a science out of taxation, are higher than similar materials from beyond the Jordan. Prices have risen partly because Israel has levied higher retail taxes on West Bank cigarettes, gasoline, and some other items to prevent smuggling or an Israeli run on West Bank goods. But the salaries of many Jordanians, like those of the Israelis, have a cost-of-living linkage and Israel is planning to raise the cost-of-living payments. This will not immediately benefit the fellah, the farmer who is the basis of West Bank society, but then he lives a subsistence existence.

The victorious Israelis, as soon as they awoke from the post-conquest daze, began to fear the problem of unemployment on the West Bank, which like all Arab areas is burdened by joblessness and underemployment. While no accurate figures are available, the problem turned out to be exaggerated. The impact of Israeli tourism has been considerable. The trade with the East Bank has been so vigorous that West Bank truck transport has been heavily taxed. The Israelis have continued the Jordanian public-works program. There has been, as the economists put it, a "leakage" of labor to Israel. (This leakage may in time cause problems since the West Bankers working in Israel are not hired, as the law requires, through the official labor exchanges and since there is some unemployment in Israel itself.)

Individual heartaches exist that seem beyond solution. Thousands of West Bankers, particularly older people, were entirely dependent on remittances from relatives in Kuwait. With the June war these remittances abruptly stopped arriving. Many Arabs therefore fled across the Jordan in search of their remittances; others wait and hope and wait some more.

Some problems are peculiarly Arab. An Arab studying at a California college returned to his home village near Jerusalem when war threatened. Now he desperately wants to complete his studies in America. But he is a family man and, in the Arab world, leaving wife and children behind without a responsible man on the scene is simply not done. His father, the only possible substitute, is in Kuwait, cut off from Israel and Israel-occupied territory. The student sees no way out.

The Need for Guidance

The basic economic problems will come with winter when Israeli tourism can be expected to decline, when the average West Banker will have to find money for fuel, when gray-market jobs in the Israeli construction industry will be scarce, when the summer harvest is over and the next harvest is far off. But the Israelis, who are willing and able to cover the estimated $20-million to

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$50-million annual West Bank trade deficit, are confident they can handle this problem as well.

The biggest challenge to Israel thus far has been that of getting the Arab schools open, functioning, and well attended. The Israelis set September 4 as the official opening date for the West Bank schools, but as of this writing no more than half the schools are open and less than half the eligible children are in class. Israel's attitude toward the teacher-student boycott is in keeping with its rather cool and sophisticated approach to the whole question of being an occupying power. The Military Government has arrested teachers and principals allegedly involved in inciting the boycott, but it has done nothing specific, and intends to do nothing, to compel the opening of the schools. Military Government personnel in contact with the Arabs say in effect, "My child goes to school—what about yours? Do you really want him to fall behind? If so, that's your affair."

The Arab opposition elements have focused on the schools partly because, while a man must have food and water and therefore must co-operate with authority to a certain extent, a child can skip school for a time without real harm, partly because the schools are easy and vulnerable targets, mainly because they see the schools with their censored textbooks and the over-all if remote Israeli supervision as symbols of the continuing and posibly endless involvement of Israel in their affairs.

INDEED, it is the future, not the present, that concerns the West Bank Arabs. The future is totally unclear. It is not surprising that some West Bank merchants who get Israeli pounds from the tourists try to get rid of this currency as quickly as possible—for who is to know what will happen the day after tomorrow? Accordingly, the free-market exchange rate rises to the benefit of those with Jordanian dinars.

Immediately after the recent war, naturally enough, the West Bank Arabs were stunned by defeat. As they began recovering from shock, they waited for some sign that Hussein and/or Nasser would do something to end their plight. They have searched the reports of postwar Arab speeches and conferences in vain for such signs. Yet some continue to hope for salvation from Cairo or Amman. Some, with the innate Arab ability to ignore reality, simply refuse to recognize the Israeli strength and staying power. Some take a simplistic view and want the area returned here and now to Hussein; he may be of Bedu origin and they are city people with, they believe, a higher culture, but he is their legitimate king. Some leftists and Ba'athists want Hussein back in control if only to overthrow him in the name of Arab nationalism. But there are the bare beginnings of an effort to consider the consequences of the Six Day War with some realism.

This effort operates under a series of handicaps. The West Bank has no newspapers of its own. It gets no political guidance from the Israeli authorities, who are themselves not certain of what they want and whose propaganda is therefore tepid and ineffective. The West Bank gets little guidance from the Arab world except the advice to remain intransigent. The West Bank has no true national leaders but only a number of "notables" and regional leaders powerful in their own fiefs but almost powerless outside them.

Still, these notables are beginning to talk with one another, to ponder the alternatives. Most of them have yet to make up their minds. A few are beginning to speak openly of a Palestinian entity, an entity separate from Israel and from Jordan, perhaps linked with both. They are few in number as yet, and a high proportion are Christian. And even they insist that the West Bank must be a part of the Arab world—after all, are not the Jews a different people of an alien culture, and are not all Arabs brothers?—and that Jerusalem must be negotiable.

Both demands are understandable, but both seem unattainable. It is difficult to envision an Arab Palestinian state acceptable to Israel and yet tolerated by the Arab world. As for Jerusalem, while no one has demonstrated as yet how that city can be replaced as the West Bank's administrative, cultural, economic, and spiritual center, the Israelis offer logic, emotion, history, and economics as the basis of their argument for a united Jerusalem.

Israeli Attitudes

In addition to a united Jerusalem, the Israelis insist upon two things —they will not surrender such strategic areas as the corridor around the Latrun Road, the old highroad to Jerusalem, cut off for nineteen years, now reopened and saving a vital ten kilometers between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem; they will not give up the West Bank until there is peace, real peace, signed and sealed.

Beyond that, the government's views are unclear. This is not because of a conservative or perplexed public opinion. The Israeli public, ready for a modus vivendi with the Arabs on everything except Jerusalem in the first days after the war, has now stiffened its attitude greatly in the face of continued Arab defiance. Today the average man wants to retain everything captured. He sees the West Bank as essential

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to Israel's security. He agrees with those who consider Samaria and Judea—i.e., the West Bank—as the ancient national heritage now returned to its historic owners.

The cabinet has taken no basic stand, partly out of the belief that the time is not ripe, but partly also because behind a façade of unity the government appears to be split down the middle and fears that a policy decision might rip it asunder. Basically, the cabinet seems to be divided between the security-minded and the demographically minded. The security-minded see the present cease-fire line as sensible and easily defensible and wish to remain, under whatever formula can be devised. The demographically minded are disturbed by the knowledge that, with its present Arab minority plus the populations of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, Israel would have more than a million Arabs as against about 2,300,000 Jews. They are all too well aware that the Arab birthrate is nearly three times higher than the Jewish and they fear that Israel could end up as a binational state or even a country with an Arab majority in a few generations. This, they feel, was not the purpose of all their struggles. For the moment, the so-called hawks hold the spotlight, but the other, more cautious view is far from dead. As one official put it, "If we give up the West Bank, it will not be because of economic, political, or international problems—these can be handled—but because of the demographic problem."

THAT THREAT, of course, is not imminent. There is time to maneuver. The Israelis, convinced by now that their withdrawal from Sinai and Gaza in 1957 was a tragic error, are unwilling to retreat from the conquered areas in 1967 without being paid the high price of peace. Israel is a decade older and more mature, and it has learned patience and the ability to keep its cool. It will wait patiently for the Arabs to come to terms. And whether the Arab world is willing to recognize it or not, the Israeli hold on the occupied territories is likely to become firmer and firmer as the months and years go by without a political solution to the Arab-Israeli dispute.

Columbia's Neighbors: The Slums of Academe

RASA GUSTAITIS

TWO WOMEN, one white and one Negro, who had become friendly as neighbors in an East Harlem cooperative building were on their way to a gathering near Columbia University in New York City. With the white woman driving, they had crossed western Harlem and were moving along the northern edge of Morningside Park at 123rd Street when the Negro woman said: "Those rocks over there—I grew up climbing those."

"You didn't!" exclaimed her companion. "Why, I went to school right here, right on this same block. You remember the old New Lincoln School?"

"Never heard of it."

The white woman was shocked into silence. There, in a capsule, was the whole story of Columbia University and the community. "That wonderful school where John Dewey had taught had been only a brick wall to her," the white woman told me later. "And she was one of those little savages I was warned about when I was forbidden to climb those rocks. We had been invisible to each other."

Harlem and the fifteen educational, religious, and medical institutions on the cliffs, chief among them Columbia Univeristy, stood beside each other in mutual inviolability for years, separated by Morningside Park, a steep, rocky swath of greenery that was considered one of the most dangerous parks in the city. From atop the cliffs, students and faculty looked over Harlem rooftops toward the East River. From below, Harlemites saw the stone buildings looming as inaccessible as a feudal fortress.

As long as both the institutions and the slums stayed where they were, they coexisted in silent hostility. But in recent years, poverty, crime, and disease have spread from Harlem into Morningside Heights, the institutions have grown too big for their quarters, and coexistence has given way to open hostility. Because Columbia is the biggest power on the cliffs (among the others are St. Luke's Hospital, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Riverside Church, Barnard College, Union Theological Seminary, and the Jewish Theological Seminary), it became known as the war between Columbia and the community.

The conflict has been a slow one marked by a few dramatic battles, some won by the institutions, some by community groups. But since last November, when the university launched a drive to raise $200 million for an expansion program, the issues involved have come into sharper focus. What does an urban university

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owe its neighbors? Should it reach out and try to help cure urban ills or turn inward and concentrate on education of students only? Should it grow by extending a sheltered campus or fit itself into the city's fabric, abandoning the traditional American campus concept?

These questions have plagued nearly every urban university. But in Columbia's case they are particularly vivid because of the university's location in a diverse old neighborhood adjoining Harlem. So far, Columbia's attitude has been that it owes its neighbors little or nothing; that its goals are too lofty to allow it to be influenced by the demands of people who happen to live nearby. It has built walls and iron gates around itself and, in effect, closed its eyes to the afflictions of the neighborhood. In the spring of 1965, for example, Jacques Barzun, then provost of Columbia, pleaded with the city's Board of Estimate for a clean-up of the university neighborhood through urban renewal. "Residents of long standing or newcomers with a steady occupation and children to bring up are more likely to maintain a decent community than transient, footloose, or unhappily disturbed persons," Barzun said. "We recognize indeed that the people who make our streets unsavory and unsafe also have claims on society. They need care, rehabilitation, and restraint. But these are technical problems we are not equipped to handle, even if it were proper to use our resources in a task we were not established to perform." Students, he went on, "must not be subjected to an environment that requires the perpetual *qui vive* of a paratrooper in enemy country."

THE SPEECH aroused the ire of community leaders, including William Stanley, a sixty-one-year-old building caretaker and chairman of the Uptown Tenants Association. A few weeks later, Stanley and eight other Harlemites marched unannounced into Barzun's office to demand an apology.

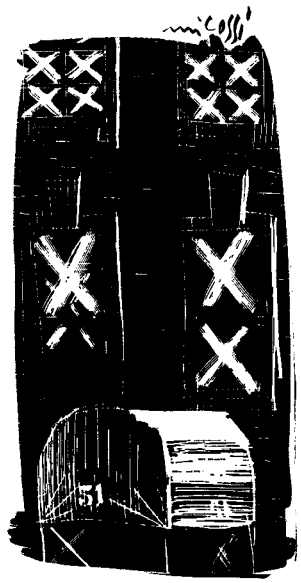
"You insulted me," Stanley told the provost. Barzun blushed, according to an account of the incident in the New York *Times*, and pulled out a book about racial problems that he had written thirty years before. His visitors were unimpressed.

"We want to help the addicts. They are part of the community," one woman said. "The university and all its education should also help the addicts."

"That is a technical problem," Barzun said, echoing his words to the Board of Estimate.

"No!" shouted Stanley, "that is a human problem." Barzun was silent a moment, then apologized.

The roots of the hostilities that finally brought Barzun and the Harlem residents face to face stretch back to the late 1940's. What had been a quiet residential community on Morningside Heights had by that



time been stricken by blight. Many formerly spacious middle-class apartments were subdivided into single-room units with tenants sharing bathrooms and kitchens. (These are called SRO's, single-room occupancy buildings.) Old, poor, and unstable people replaced families. Muggers and thieves prowled the streets.

In 1947, the Heights institutions formed Morningside Heights, Inc., in an effort to reverse the neighborhood's downhill slide. David Rockefeller, now president of Chase Manhattan Bank, was one of the group's chief organizers and became its chairman of the board. The corporation supported the construction of public housing on the neighborhood's fringes, conducted a youth program, rehabilitated some buildings, and set up a private police force to guard against petty thieves.

But more important to what was about to happen was the formation of Remedco in 1949 as the real-estate arm of Morningside Heights, Inc. Remedco began to buy the single-unit buildings and to evict their tenants. To some of the neighborhood's older and more prosperous residents, this seemed just as well. However, when the expanding institutions began to threaten their own apartment buildings, community groups popped up to decry evictions of every variety. While these groups have managed to harass and delay the vast Morningside General Neighborhood Renewal Program, which was proposed by the institutions and is proceeding with Federal sponsorship, their efforts to keep the Columbia neighborhood intact have met with less success. Since 1940 Columbia has bought more than a hundred buildings in the neighborhood and displaced about 3,500 people. The other institutions and private developers have forced out about as many more. About 150 families will have to move during each of the next ten years if the university is to keep pace with its expansion plans—the most ambitious in its history—and meet the needs of an enrollment that is expected to increase tremendously in the next few years.

Of the 1,700 people forced out of single rooms, about eighty to ninety per cent were Negro or Puerto Rican. Of the apartment dwellers evicted, about the same proportion were white, many of them renting at bargain rates because they lived in buildings that were old enough to fall under the city's rent-control laws. Protests, particularly from the bargain-renters, were loud and fervent. And among them were elderly people of small income to whom moving was a painful and costly experience. Their stories were heart-rending to hear or read about, particularly when coupled with tales of harassment by the institutions' representatives. Water and heat were sometimes cut off, X's painted on windows, even mail service stopped in buildings that were to be—but were not yet—vacated, the tenants claimed.

Changing the Image

In the fall of 1963, Columbia became distressed about its image as a heartless monster. It hired Bertram

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A. Weinert, a graduate of the Columbia University School of Social Work, to establish an Office of Neighborhood Services that would work on problems raised by the univer-

sity's expansion. Weinert took the title too literally and was fired fifteen months later. "We disagreed over the scope, range, and pace of his job," Lawrence H. Chamberlain, then vice president of Columbia, explained at the time. Weinert put it more bluntly to me: "I guess I spent too much time trying to help people and not enough getting them out." Weinert said that he opened a store-front office, "hoping that we could serve as one gateway between the university and the community. But I found more and more that the university was not interested in compromising."

Listening to tales of harassment and checking on some of them, Weinert became convinced that harassment did exist. Visiting single-room occupants, he found sickness and misery. Some had recently been released from mental hospitals, others were old and helpless. In one building that was to be demolished to make room for the $13-million School of International Affairs, he found twelve people who refused to move. He was able to relocate all but two within the allotted time limit. But the last two presented a problem that took him two months to resolve. They were a man and woman in their seventies, friends who had lived in adjoining rooms for many years. Weinert judged that, though both were senile, as long as they had each other they could continue to live outside of an institution. He not only sought to find adjacent quarters for them but took the time to send the woman to a hospital to have a broken hip examined and to arrange for visiting-nurse service for the pair. As a result, he did not have the building empty at the appointed time. In Weinert's view, this was the beginning of the end of his job with Columbia. He is now executive director of the New York State Americans for Democratic Action.

IN PRINCIPLE, both the friends and the enemies of the university agree that it needs to grow. The argument is over the shape and process of that growth. A walk through the neighborhood quickly establishes that Columbia is devoted to the idea of the traditional campus, a grass-covered expanse punctuated with university buildings, sheltered from the outside world.

The main campus is separated from the city by walls and gates. The new Law School at 116th Street and Amsterdam Avenue is a monolithic structure that presents a blind stone façade to the street (students aptly dubbed it "the Toaster"). It is linked with the main campus by a bridge that spans the avenue and lies heavy on the cityscape. Like most new Columbia buildings, it is architecturally depressing. At night, it helps to make this part of the avenue dark and lonely. One walks quickly past it, longing for the sight of some small café or delicatessen to provide relief from the stony monotony.

At the dedication of the bridge above Amsterdam Avenue, William C. Warren, dean of the Law School, told of the university's move uptown in 1897 to escape the city and of the way the city had overtaken and swallowed the institution once more. He said that there was hope now of digging out to capture "the popular image of a university." In this popular image the secluded university is surrounded by friendly neighbors.

Geographically, the community is well suited to become a world unto itself. To the west, the Hudson is a boundary; to the east, Morningside Park keeps out Harlem (the park's gates at the top of the stairs are locked at sunset). On the north, Morningside Gardens, a racially integrated middle-income co-op built with the help of nine Heights institutions, is another buffer against the slums. Only the southern boundary, which lies somewhere below 114th Street, is vague and changing.

Within this area, according to Stanley Salmen, who until last June was co-ordinator of university planning, the university would like to see a congenial middle-class neighborhood where a professor walking down a street has a good chance of meeting someone to whom he can say "I've got a good idea" and go on to discuss it. When I asked him whether that sort of neighborhood seemed preferable to the present one, which is integrated racially, economically, and socially, Salmen said: "I don't think we have any

interest at all in that up here. I think integration doesn't enter the picture at all. If space is taken up for that, it will detract from the excellence of the institution." Columbia people are aware of the racial problem, he added, but "I don't think they have to live in it to understand it."

Contiguity vs. Community

To critics, the university's way of thinking as expounded by Salmen is foolish and dangerous. "The area

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to the south is becoming more Negro," Assistant Professor Peter Haidu of the Faculty Civil Rights Group pointed out. "We will have a nice middle-class enclave surrounded by Harlem, a victim area for crime. I don't think it's tenable and I think it's horrifying that the administration does not realize this."

Critics believe that Columbia should grow within the city's fabric, combining stores, apartments, classrooms, and student housing within the same buildings. They question the importance that Salmen and others have placed on contiguity and proximity of the various facilities. They point out that New York University, Fordham, and other institutions of higher learning maintain more than one campus in the city. And they are angered by Columbia's expansion into public parks and its invitation to some institutions outside the neighborhood to move to the Heights.

The most recent and still undecided battle in the Columbia-community war is over a new gymnasium, to be built in Morningside Park by special arrangement with the city. Six years ago, Parks Commissioner Newbold Morris and Columbia signed a hundred-year lease for two acres on the steep slope of the park at a rent of $3,000 a year. On this land Columbia was to build a $9-million gymnasium, a small part of which—twelve per cent of the total floor space—was to be made available for community use. Morris's successor, Thomas P. F. Hoving, found this "the most puzzling example for the use of park space that I have ever seen." But he assumed office too late to cancel the project.

Harlem State Senator Basil A. Paterson and Assemblyman Percy E. Sutton (now Manhattan Borough President) tried to void the lease by state action. "If constructed, this gym will stand as a flagrant abuse of public land for private gain," they said in a joint statement. "Why must the university's obligation to educate its students be fulfilled at the expense of communities hungry for park space?" Their opposition helped to win a larger share of the project for the community but failed to stop it.

One of the fiercest critics of the university's development policy is C. Richard Hatch, a New York architect who in 1964 founded the Architects' Renewal Committee in Harlem, Inc., to give technical aid to the community groups. In the July-August issue of *Architectural Forum* he accused the university of pleonexia, which, he explained, is "a lovely Greek word meaning aggrandizement at the expense of the weak. It is the opposite of arete, the Greek word for moral, physical, and intellectual excellence."

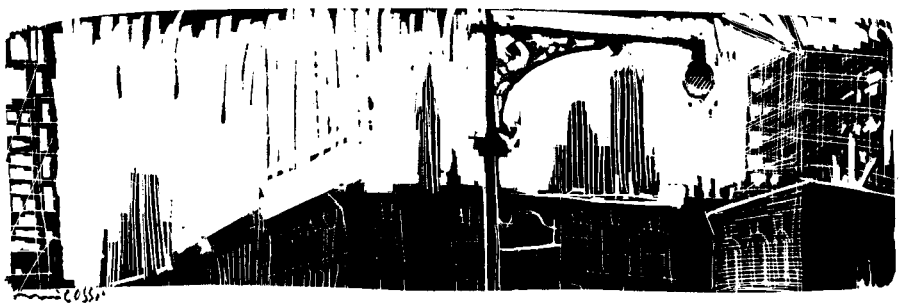
To Hatch, the planned move of still more institutions to the Heights is part of this pleonexia. But to some university officials, it is part of Columbia's natural growth as a great university. The Columbia School of Social Work, now at the Carnegie Mansion, Fifth Avenue and Ninety-first Street, will soon move into a new building on campus, where its students and faculty can be in closer contact with people in other Columbia schools. The Manhattan School of Music, now in East Harlem, will take over the old buildings of the Juilliard School of Music when Juilliard moves to new quarters at Lincoln Center.

In addition, Woodstock College, a Jesuit seminary now in Woodstock, Maryland, has been invited to become a neighbor to the Jewish Theological and the Union Theological Seminaries, bringing more balance to the religious complex on the Heights.

But perhaps the most controversial institutional move—and the one that best shows the complexity and depth of the problem between Columbia and its neighbors—is that of the Bank Street College of Education, now in Greenwich Village. Columbia encouraged the college to buy land in the neighborhood on which to build new facilities. Columbia wants the college's experimental (and private) school nearby for the use of Columbia faculty children. Because a new public school, accessible both to faculty and Harlem children, has just been built on the northern tip of Morningside Park, this plan has made community leaders particularly angry.

Columbia officials maintain that the Bank Street College's school would not be needed if the new public school had been built on a site favored by Columbia, near the Hudson River. Community leaders had protested against that site, fearing that it would result in a predominantly white school, and had won a change to the present location. They had hoped that the school would have a racially balanced student body and a model teaching program. Instead, it quickly became a battleground when parents and the Board of Education clashed over the selection of a principal. The fight grew so bitter that some parents with the means to do so sent their youngsters to private schools rather than to the new one, which is as graceful and elegant a school building as any in the city. It is also predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican, and Columbia and parent leaders blame each other for this situation.

There are indications, nevertheless, that the time for peacemaking may be at hand. Last spring an impasse of more than a year between the institutions and the community groups over urban renewal was broken, and surveying and planning can now go ahead. The institutions agreed that before anyone is evicted under urban renewal, alternative housing must be made available for them in the neighborhood. And, because the community groups have become so numerous that they now control the Morningside Renewal Council, it seems likely that



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the plans will hew much closer to the lines envisioned by the community groups than to those suggested by the institutions, with the emphasis on rehabilitation rather than demolition.

A shake-up in the Columbia administration last June opened the way to new lines of thought and action. Jacques Barzun resigned as provost and dean of faculties to assume a university professorship, the school's highest teaching post. The popular David B. Truman, formerly dean of Columbia College, replaced him and also assumed the vice presidency, which Lawrence Chamberlain resigned because of ill health. Stanley Salmen, who along with Chamberlain was most closely involved with the expansion and development program, is no longer connected with it.

Peace prospects also have been enhanced by the Ford Foundation, which last October allotted $10 million to Columbia for work on minority urban problems. The funds were to go to "a wider and deeper set of problems than those a university has with its immediate neighbors," the Ford Foundation said in announcing the grant. "Today the great university in a metropolis must have a special and urgent concern for the future of the city and the future of those in our cities who lack full equality of opportunity. . . . The great university on Morningside Heights is neighbor to one of the greatest problems and opportunities of American life—the problem and opportunity of Harlem. In the conviction that by study, by teaching and by action their university can play a useful role in helping to open a wider future to New York, and to all cities, to Harlem and to all who have disadvantages in our urban life, the leaders of Columbia have asked the Ford Foundation for special support directed to this special purpose." It appears that the university now shares the views of those nine Harlem residents who took exception to Barzun's description of a university's role. As yet, Columbia has announced no project under this grant. If used imaginatively, these funds could go a long way toward ending the conflicts between the university and the community.

Africa's Guerrillas Extend Their Fight

ANTHONY DELIUS

Cape Town

THE PHANTOM FRONT of guerrilla fighting between independent Black Africa and the white-controlled south is a land covered with bush and scrub forest, slashed here and there with deep river canyons. On the alert along its two thousand miles from Angola on the west coast to Mozambique on the east are well-equipped security forces of the Portuguese, the Rhodesians, and the South Africans. Until recently, the Portuguese, at either end of the arc, bore the brunt of the attacks. Then, in the last fortnight of August, a first major attempt to breach the center and establish guerrilla activity in South Africa was broken up by the Rhodesians. This thrust was doubly significant because the hundred armed infiltrators were mainly African National Congress (ANC) exiles from South Africa—the first appearance in the field of men from this organization.

Their aim was to cross the Zambezi from their base in Zambia, slip through the narrow western segment of Rhodesia into newly independent Botswana, and from there penetrate the bush northern areas of the rich Transvaal Province of South Africa. A ten-day running engagement between this group and Rhodesian forces resulted in twenty-four guerrillas killed, twenty-six captured, and the rest reportedly scattered. The Rhodesians lost six killed and twelve wounded in this action. Two white officers were killed, the first white soldiers to die in action on Rhodesian soil in this century. Since then, there have been reports of other guerrilla groups moving in, with a proportionate rise in the number of casualties on the two sides.

The South Africans viewed the incursions seriously enough to move a police contingent in armored cars to strengthen the Rhodesian border forces, an action that could put in jeopardy the delicate balance South Africa maintains in its relations with Britain, its best trading partner, and Britain's breakaway dependency, Rhodesia, the Republic's most closely allied neighbor. Britain has protested, but the South African government maintains that this is a police action, not a military operation. Government spokesmen also are now saying more earnestly than ever that Rhodesia is the Republic's front line.

A New Toughness

Both South African and Rhodesian authorities have long claimed that some two thousand guerrillas were gathering in Zambia for an attack on the Rhodesian border, but whether these were solely ANC exiles or a mixed group of exiles from South Africa, Rhodesia, and South-West Africa was not clear. If captured arms are typical, the guerrillas are armed from surplus and even obsolete Soviet and Chinese stocks. Their food supplies are often scanty—one group that broke through into Botswana was so reduced by hunger that it gave itself up to the police there. Living off the land in those wild and often desolate areas is practically impossible.

Preliminary probing action by guerrillas has been going on for about two years in the central sector where Zambia, Rhodesia, Botswana, Angola, and the Caprivi Strip of South-West Africa come together. A main target has been Ovamboland, the northernmost area of the mandated territory of South-West Africa that the Republic intends to turn into a separate tribal "Bantustan." According to the South African police, the first guerrillas entered Ovamboland in September, 1965, armed with Soviet submachine guns. They established themselves in a remote and dense forest, and recruited Ovambos for training through the agency of the rebel South-West African People's Organization (SWAPO). South African authorities claim that some nine hundred young Ovambos fled from the country (or were lured

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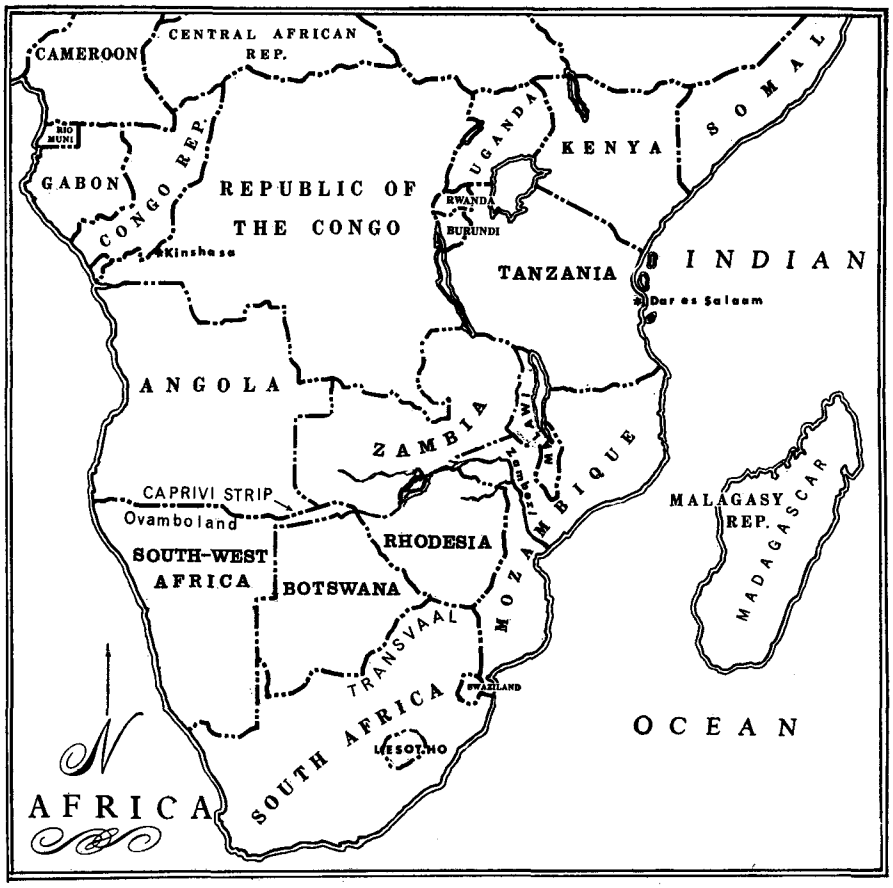
from it by promises of further education) and have now been trained as guerrillas in Chinese, Algerian, and Tanzanian camps. The SWAPO leaders in exile in Tanzania, headed by thirty-eight-year-old Sam Nujoma, claim that there are already four thousand trained Ovambos ready to go into action. Skirmishes to date have been minor, but in the resulting cleanup thirty-seven Ovambos are on trial for their lives in Pretoria under the Terrorist Act rushed through the South African Parliament this spring.

Guarded statements by the security forces indicate, however, that nothing has been encountered in the central sector to equal the toughness and determination of the new ANC infiltrators.



THE ANC, founded in 1919, is one of the oldest nationalist groups in sub-Saharan Africa. It was banned in 1960, together with its breakaway rival, the Pan-African Congress (PAC), following massive demonstrations after the brutal police repression at Sharpeville. PAC's chief, Robert Sobukwe, regarded by the local authorities as the most charismatic African leader yet to appear in the Republic, is still in jail. Chief Albert Luthuli, the venerated head of the ANC and Nobel Peace Prize winner, died this summer in a railway accident on the reservation to which he had been restricted since 1959. Other ANC leaders are serving life sentences for their part in some two hundred acts of sabotage committed during 1961-1963.

Oliver Tambo, a lawyer in his forties, left the Republic in 1960, appointed to be leader of the ANC in exile as the inevitable ban fell. Today his headquarters are a few miles outside the Tanzanian capital, Dar es Salaam, where the Liberation Committee of the Organization of African Unity also has its main offices. The ANC and the PAC have continued to quarrel as bitterly in exile as they had begun to do on home soil, and it is difficult to determine what the exact following of either is. Various estimates have been given, ranging between two thousand and nine thousand, of South African exiles who have received guerrilla training in China, the Soviet Union, Cuba, Algeria, Egypt, Ghana, and Tanzania. Another figure is quoted of twenty thousand Africans who have fled the Republic, mainly by the Botswana "refugee pipeline." Many of these may simply have left in search of better educational and economic opportunities, though no doubt all of them were politically involved in some way or another.

A Question of Time

The timing of the ANC guerrilla attacks on the Rhodesian front may have been determined by several considerations. First, and most simply, this is the dry season, when it is easier to move on the ground than at any other time of the year. The "big rains" are over and the "little rains" are still ahead. Certainly you leave tracks along the powdery dust of the game trails, but you can also leave false trails and maybe lead opponents into an ambush.

Secondly, the United Nations is about to resume the inevitable debates about South-West Africa, whose mandate the General Assembly "terminated" last year; about apartheid, condemned by so many nearly unanimous U.N. votes; about the progress of sanctions against Rhodesia; about Portuguese colonialism. A vigorous demonstration that "white domination" is causing a real threat to the peace would help the African lobby produce a more dramatic and urgent case. It would also help refute the routine assertions by South Africa and Rhodesia that they are among "the most peaceful and orderly places on earth."

The Liberation Committee of the Organization of African Unity has been pressing for action against the southern redoubt to justify both its own existence and the funds the OAU has supplied to help the apparently inactive blacks of South Africa. The OAU itself has been nearly paralyzed by factionalism, and it has found its greatest unity hitherto in condemning South African racial policies. Visible signs of a crusade against the Rhodesians and the South Africans helped to bring the African states closer together at their meeting in mid-September in Kinshasa, the Congolese capital, and they agreed to step up their aid to the southern guerrillas.

Also, the quiescent African peoples

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of Rhodesia and South Africa must be made to realize that their position is not so hopeless as they appear to believe. Some success by ANC infiltrators might stir them into some responding activity and remind them that they are dominated majorities and that rescuers beyond the borders still exist. The death of Luthuli caused a ripple of remembrance but little else.

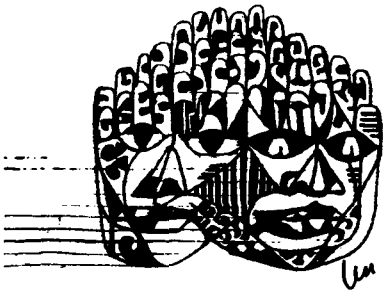
Finally, there is the need to blunt the South African government's initiative to expand its contacts with African states. Even those states that are already in moderately friendly contact with South Africa—Malawi, Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland—must be shown that there is no absolute security in such friendship.

THE DELICATE POSITION in which African countries bordering on South Africa and Rhodesia find themselves is illustrated by that of Botswana, the vast, arid, poverty-stricken home for half a million Tswana who became independent last year. Its leaders are hostile to "terrorists" moving across their country to get into the Transvaal or South-West Africa. However much they deplore apartheid, they wish to live at peace with the Republic, on which their country's economic viability depends. At the same time, South African refugees or guerrillas passing through are not turned over to the neighboring police; Botswana also wishes to live at peace with the rest of Black Africa, even if at long range.

Zambia, which turns a blind eye to the buildup of guerrillas on its territory and their passage across it, is already being warned by South Africa and threatened by Rhodesia with the cutting of vital power supplies for its copper mines from the Kariba Dam. Tanzania, where guerrillas are trained, is also the object of baleful words from the southern states.

However, as things are, the prospects of even limited success for the guerrilla actions along the center of the "front" do not seem to be very great. The security forces ranged against them have been given time to increase both their efficiency and striking power. These forces' resources in men, matériel, and training are much greater than those of the infiltrators. Finally, whereas the guerrillas are Africans, the forces opposed to them are both black and white. Of course, if the guerrilla forces do achieve success, both the spy system and the dependability of the white-commanded security forces may deteriorate.

The ANC guerrillas now operating on the Rhodesian front, therefore, seem likely to play a secondary role at present in the attack on the outworks of the "Bastion of the South." The OAU Liberation Committee has been working for the attack to be concerted and not piecemeal, and no doubt there is consultation between



the ANC, SWAPO, and the exiles from the Portuguese territories. But the major attack is still obviously to be concentrated against northern Mozambique, where the Africans feel they are making the most progress and where the Portuguese have forty thousand troops in operation or standing by. The burden of the guerrilla operations there is carried by the Mozambique exile group FRELIMO.

This group is headed by the dynamic and sophisticated Dr. Eduardo Mondlane, who has received Portuguese, South African, and American university training and has an American wife. From his headquarters in Dar es Salaam he has been directing guerrilla operations in northern Mozambique that have been growing in vigor for the last two years. It is difficult to believe his claim that he already has a fifth of Mozambique's territory under guerrilla control or that he will have ten thousand trained guerrillas in action there by the end of this year, but the Portuguese admit that there is a "ferocious war" going on in northern Mozambique. They claim to be winning it, to be killing guerrillas in large numbers (guerrillas say they're killing Portuguese in large numbers). Recent figures put out by the Portuguese claim that 109 guerrillas were killed in the last few months. The expense of the operations, however, is putting a heavy strain on the Portuguese economy, none too sound anyway.

Over on the west side of Africa, along the long and twisting Angolan eastern border with Zambia and the Congo, there are fresh reports of the guerrilla activity that has, all told, cost the Portuguese thousands of civilian and military casualties. African attacks in this territory rose to a height in 1961-1962, but by 1964 Angolan exiles were admitting that the Portuguese had all but driven the infiltrators out of the northern "box" they occupied. Now, however, though reports from both sides are skimpy and untrustworthy, running fights seem to be on the increase again.

Pushing and Joining

For the Portuguese, Rhodesian, and South African security forces and the modern armies that lie behind them, there is the need to obliterate each push. Nothing must be left for subsequent infiltrations to build upon. They cannot allow a front, however sketchy, to be established. The Portuguese were unable to prevent the establishment of a continuing, almost self-generating guerrilla action, and they have endless trouble.

As an Afrikaans commentator has remarked, "The time to stop guerrilla action is in the beginning; thereafter it becomes more and more difficult. . . . In Algeria the French eventually had half a million men under arms against only some ten thousand terrorists."

Undoubtedly, increasing guerrilla success will bring more and more South African arms and other resources to the rescue of both Rhodesia and the Portuguese territories. The white blocs of the three different groups with three different race policies are in only rather loose alliance at the moment, but the cry of self-preservation will draw them closer and more openly together. And with the southern whites in a hostile armed bloc against the rest of Black Africa, the problems of the West at large will multiply correspondingly.

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Thank *you*, Wadi Botts!

CAROLYN McCORMICK

WHEN I opened my apartment door on a recent morning, I saw lying on the carpeted sill a white sheet of paper folded over and secured by an address sticker, the kind—often mimeographed—that a neighborhood business sends out with notices of sales, closing for vacation, or moving to a new address.

It looked hardly worth picking up. But then I noticed the stamps, two of them, each with a colored bird on it, and saw that the message had come from Libya.

The paper turned out to be a sheet of ordinary office stationery, letterheaded over a printed message (and here I will use a fictitious name for the enterprise and for its director):

WEEKLY WADI
Editor and Publisher: P. R. Botts
TRIPOLI, LIBYA

15th June, 1967

Dear Subscriber,

Due to circumstances beyond our control that have occurred because of the current situation in the Middle East, the Weekly Wadi is forced to suspend publication for the time being.

Adjustment of subscription term will be made when we restart publication.

If, however, it is impossible to start up again, the balance of the price of your subscription will be mailed to you within the next few weeks.

Thankyou for your interest in and support of the Weekly Wadi.

Yours sincerely,
P. R. Botts
Editor
The Weekly Wadi

Poor Percival, I thought; he couldn't even thank us for the last time without his printer's getting that "thank you" wrong.

I felt sentimental, and sad. Almost every Sunday morning for four years I had driven downtown to the corner of Shiari Istiklal and Shiari Haiti to buy the *Weekly Wadi*. There was no newspaper delivery in Tripoli.

On Sundays, the streets were always crowded. Although the city was a mixture of three religions—Moslem, Hebrew, and Christian—and celebrated three holy days—Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—it was on Sundays that the streets really jumped.

On Fridays, the Moslem holiday, the government offices and the Libyan-run shops closed. Almost all the Libyans disappeared to spend the day at home with their families or with friends. On Saturdays, the Jewish holiday, again many of the shops closed, and the Jews hung around the streets even less than the Libyans, leaving the whole town looking a little gloomy and subdued.

But Sunday! On Sundays *everybody* was out! The Moslems were in their shops, the Jews in theirs, and the Italians, enjoying this opportunity not to be in theirs, strolled the streets with their buxom wives, sat in sidewalk cafés reading *Il Giornale di Tripoli*, keeping an eye on the young people's *passeggiata* up and down Shiari Istiklal, boys on the right, girls on the left. And at eleven o'clock they all went to Mass at the great cathedral on Plaza Algeria (formerly Plaza Catedral), dressed soberly in black, all but the little girls in white-net Confirmation dresses.

The streets were not easy to get through on a Sunday; but it was part of the Sunday-morning buy-the-*Wadi* ritual. Like getting to an island, the effort it cost was part of the total experience.

OF COURSE I felt sentimental and sad. Not only had I read the *Wadi* regularly; I had even written for it—whenever I felt like earning three pounds, equivalent to $8.40, which was how much Percival Botts paid for a feature article.

The *Wadi* was one of those newspapers published in English for the foreign colony in capital cities all over the world—tabloid-sized, four to twenty-four pages, folksy, sternly apolitical, and determinedly optimistic:

Al and Edie Bothwaite returned home last week from a lengthy (too lengthy, Edie and Al! Your friends missed you!) sojourn in Kent . . . brrrr!

A change of Government took place in the Main Corridor outside the Chamber of Deputies in the Presidential Palace this morning at 4 A.M. According to an Official Government Announcement, "Commercial activity in the downtown area, foot and automotive passage through the streets between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M., public transport, radio, telegraphic, and telephone communication are suspended until further notice." No more want ads accepted by telephone! Personal application only! Please co-operate! (Ed.)

Students of the National University last evening staged an Independence Day Celebration before an officially unnamed embassy, giving those members of the Foreign Community still around a thrilling review of the ardent-hearted, robust-voiced youth its host nation is producing, these days!

AND YET the *Weekly Wadi* wasn't quite like that; it wasn't lickspittle, and it wasn't coy. It went through all the motions, but reserved an eyebrow to itself. And its personality was slightly hallucinatory, just like the foreign community's. Reading the *Wadi* in Tripoli gave me the same feeling as thinking about my life there; that its form was familiar but constructed out of elements that didn't really exist, elements that were missing—like an imaginable future, unified motivation and good intentions, and any possibility of bridging the comprehension gap between it and the world around it.

Missing from the *Wadi* were more than abstractions: missing was almost the whole staff. Writers like Montmorcey Argunaught, J. Vaughn d'Arcy, and Ellensworth Pyke-Pier-

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pont, whose bylines appeared above almost every item, even the most modest, stick-long ones, simply didn't exist. They were all Percival.

Percival wrote the gossip column, "Tip-Toeing Thru Tripoli," as Archie Plimpsitt; the restaurant and night-life column, "Tripoli Toff 'n' Tippler," as Marcel Villeneuve; the news and interviews with government ministers and oil executives under such names as W. Harricot Bruce, George H. M. Goddard, and Devonshire Lord.

He wrote the weather forecast, the police news, the arrivals and departures from Idris Airport, and the obits—a representative portion of the week's deaths, which, faithfully reflecting his contention that Libyans were reckless drivers, were almost exclusively automobile casualties.

He relished a good "intellectual controversy" waged in "Letters to the Editor," signed by impassioned subscribers in Garden City, Taguira, and Suk el Juma—rebutted, the very next week, by fiery counterattacks from Colina Verde, Gurgi, Sokra, or Georgimpopoli. All Percival.

Every issue included a humor filler. Although I have no sample, they went something like this: *"Last Sunday afternoon, my wife, a worshipper at the Shrine of Terpsichore, switched on the wireless, saying, 'It is ten to two, and there is playing a program of ballet music.' 'Tin tu-tu! That must be the Dance of the Tin Soldiers!' I shot back. My wife said it was one of the cleverest ripostes she had ever heard me make."*

These were invariably signed "A Gentleman from Gargaresh." Percival.

EVERY now and again, briefly, the accustomed bylines abruptly disappeared, and there would appear —with grudging infrequency—some name like Henry Shanks or Mervin Hickey. And I would know that Percival had persuaded some Fleet Street reporter to come to Tripoli to work on the *Weekly Wadi*. But he never lasted long.

Pretty soon, Percival would begin to grumble, "He won't work. All he does is sit behind that typewriter smoking cigarettes and brushing ashes off the keys. They all want air conditioning. Nobody in Fleet Street wants to go about town, smell out the news, then *dig*."

Mostly, he let them go because their nerves broke down. One drank. Another turned out to be, Percival said, a "dope fiend." Then *his* replacement, one morning when Percival came out of his office with some of his copy in his hand to discuss it with him, "sat there staring at me with his mouth open, and his eyes gone queer; then the crazy maniac threw up his arms and gave a shout like a Hottentot, laid down his head on the keyboard, and cried. Shameful incident. Grown chap like that. Can't unravel these Fleet Streeters, unravel them at all."

I could. Percival had worked my copy over, too.

ALMOST the entire foreign community was concerned, directly or indirectly, with the production of oil. And yet probably no more

than a handful of people in town at any given moment had ever actually *seen* a drop of it. In a way, there was no discernible connection between what people did and what whatever-they-did-do produced. It was the same with Percival's paper.

The offices of the *Weekly Wadi* faced onto a one-way street near the Old City, so narrow that cars could be parked only on one side, and then with two wheels run up over the curb so a single lane of traffic could squeeze by.

Inside, the windowless newsroom was the size of one of the vans that moved household belongings of the foreigners who arrived and departed via the Tripoli docks. The Editor's office was up front where, in a comparable space, the cab would be. Often, inside there was no sign of life at all except, on occasion, a mewing and scrabbling from a cardboard carton containing a litter of kittens, left at the door by one of the homeless street cats the Editor fed each morning. It didn't seem plausible that a newspaper as good as the *Weekly Wadi* should be produced out of here. Where were the people, where the tools?

The *Wadi* was suffused, like all newspapers of its genre, with syrupy unction toward the "host" government:

30,000 NEW HOMES ON GOVERNMENT DRAFTINGBOARD! ran a twenty-four point headline one Sunday. Four months later: 30,000 NEW HOMES ON GOVERNMENT DRAFTINGBOARD!

The arrival of a vacationing Düsseldorf tincutter emerged: WEST GERMANY BRACES FOR LIBYA'S SOARING CONTAINER DEMANDS!; a U.S. graduate student working on a thesis about the impact, or lack of it, of oil revenues on Berber tribesmen, SOCIOLOGIST FORESEES LIBYA'S STANDARD OF DESERT LIVING ZOOM!; a new minister appointed to fill a repeatedly vacated post, WHEN LIBYA NEEDS A GOOD MAN, A GOOD MAN IS ALWAYS THERE!

Even Libyans had to laugh.

IT HAD an artistic unity that no newspaper with a genuine staff could hope for; Argunaught, d'Arcy, Pyke-Pierpont, Plimpsitt, and Villeneuve, all had a like originality of expression, identical passions and prejudices.

They were animal lovers to a man, inserting in their news stories pleas for more humane treatment of burros, more humane slaughter of beef, camels, sheep, and goats. They pleaded the cause of dogs and cats abandoned by foreign families being transferred out, noted the seasonal migrations of birds and advised on food they might find acceptable. Once, after the English colony persisted in ignoring their chorused denunciation of desert-fox hunting, the Editor closed down the paper entirely, and not until a year later—when the English, faced with a choice between fox hunting on Sunday morning or reading the *Weekly*

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Wadi, finally chose the latter—did Percival resume publishing.

The entire staff was unalterably incensed by national groupings—those "colonies" which form within the larger foreign communities.

Percival didn't like Americans, who formed the largest colony of all. They were all too rich. Take some poor American oil driller, who broiled out in the desert in an oil camp south of Benghazi for three unbroken weeks, getting home to Tripoli to visit his overworked, servantless wife only once a month, just in time to repair all the faltering equipment people need where utilities are different from what they're used to—the Coleman space heater, the bottled-gas "flash" water heaters, a *ghibli* blind (which partially seals windows against sandstorms) slipped off its track—if his name ever appeared in the *Wadi* it would only be a suffix to "The wealthy American oil man . . ." And the suburb of Georgimpopoli, west of town, where most Americans lived, like most other foreigners, rich and not rich, was always "The luxurious American oil man's suburb of Georgimpopoli."

The French and Dutch didn't form a large enough grouping in Tripoli for Percival to get a bead on. The excolonialist Italians still formed a good-sized group, but I believe that to Percival they were just too Latin to get steamed up about.

IT WAS for the English colony that Argunaught, d'Arcy, Pyke-Pierpont, Plimpsitt, and Villeneuve reserved their most acid barbs.

Just as Percival used Georgimpopoli to get at Americans with regularity, he had hit on a standard, recurring news item to taunt the English. This concerned the activities of an Egyptian belly dancer whose professional name was, let us say, Princess Leiba, wife of an English peer named, let us again say, Lord Crupaton. It was Percival's conviction (and he may have been right about this) that it caused the English colony acute embarrassment every time any mention was made of Lord Crupaton and Her Ladyship—"more widely known, perhaps, as Princess Leiba, the Egyptian belly dancer."

Villeneuve would report Her Ladyship engaged for an unlimited appearance at the Snow-a-Go Go Club (selected membership) in Hong Kong, " . . . accompanied, as usual, by His Lordship on the bongo drums." Or report Her Ladyship to have abandoned costuming in favor of polka dots painted, in red, directly on the skin, ". . . which, according to a member of Tripoli's English community who was fortunate enough to have 'caught her act' in Tangier, increases to a really extraordinary degree the transparency of the seven veils."

Another week or two would pass; then Plimpsitt, on his night-life beat, would hint of a possible engagement at the Casbah (a nightclub in the Old Quarter off limits to American servicemen): ". . . negotiations being carried forth through Lord Crupaton, who acts (I have learned from Lord Crupaton's friends in Tripoli's English community) as business manager as well as drummer to Her Ladyship."

These periodic threats to the English colony of a visit by Lord and Lady Crupaton never failed to exhilarate Percival, who, rereading the latest one for probably the twentieth time, would begin giggling so hard he would stamp his feet on the floor beneath his desk so the noise of the desert boots he wore hitting the bare concrete would divert his attention long enough to let him pull himself together.

BUT all this—the style, the impudence, and the hangups—only served as a backdrop for the real jewels of his collection, which went on view early every Sunday morning. These were the feature articles he wheedled.

Like all really good editors, he made writers, or anybody else he thought had something to say, want to make him happy. The circulation of his paper was somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,500; the absolutely top price he paid for an article six hundred to a thousand words long was under twenty dollars. Still, week after week, people wrote for him. They *wanted* to write for him.

An English academic sent him amusing sketches of donnish life in Cambridge, a German writer-photographer accounts of lost tribes of the Fezzan. The head of the government Department of Archaeology wrote articles on the Greek and Roman ruins in Libya, and the chief archaeologist of the Fezzan a series about the Garamantes. In his stable was an English archaeologist (wife of a famous historian) who made two study trips a year to Libya and almost weekly wrote Percival all about it. He had a popular English travel writer who regularly let his latest book run serialized in the *Weekly Wadi* before it was published in England. Visiting sociologists wrote him articles, and anthropologists, historians, explorers—anybody who came through Tripoli, if he had only one interesting thing to say—ended up saying it for Percival, in the *Wadi*.

He was a celebrity, and looked it—noticeable, but not in the self-conscious way of someone who looks apart, unrelated to his surroundings. If anything, it was the opposite; his appearance embodied them, because he was always dressed for the desert. He reminded people of what most of them tried to forget—how close the desert was. The hearts of even bridge-playing, salty-dog-drinking housewives in Georgimpopoli trembled sometimes at that thought: just out there, twenty miles away, lay scattered the first pebbles of the vast *reg* that began the Great Sahara Desert.

The desert campaigns in North Africa during the Second World War had two sharply distinct effects on the men who fought in them. The larger group wanted never to see a desert again. But for the others, exposure to it was a kind

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of psychedelic experience, and afterwards they never wanted to live too far away to take a trip back into the desert when they felt the urge. A member of this fraternity was recognizable by signs obvious as beard, sandals, and guitar—a brimmed hat of straw or canvas, ankle-high boots, and desert truck.

Percival was a member.

He drove around in a short-wheelbase Land-Rover with its canvas top down, or a smaller, lesser-known four-wheel-drive called a Champion, his straw hat set squarely as a bowler on his ginger hair, back erect and rigid as the unsprung seat back it never quite touched, hands with a firm grip on either side of the steering wheel, bare, bony, sunburned knees sticking up out of chino shorts. He never wore dark glasses; real desert people rarely do, only in nightclubs. He drove fast, and kept his eyes straight ahead on the pavement coming up, like a good desert driver studying the oncoming sand for soft spots.

He liked to go out and drive through the dunes just for the fun of it. Dunes require *urg*, or soft sand, to form, and *urg* doesn't occur in any great quantity for about three hundred miles south from the coast, where the Ubari Sand Sea begins. But ever since the fourth century A.D., when some early Libyan tribes called the Austurians cut down the olive trees planted by the Romans along the coast, soft, windblown sand from the desert has been building up and slowly moving north, so that now fairly respectable dunes lie in some places right along the edge of the Mediterranean.

These were the dunes, close by town, Percival liked to ride, goading the pitching, buckling truck through the shoot-the-chute sands, one minute pointing its nose to the sky, the next at the bottom of a deep pit between dunes and plunging down to circle it, round and round its steep sides at a gravity-defying angle.

Once he took me along to ride the dunes, and so terrified me that I couldn't scream—a silence he interpreted as indifference. As the truck, kicking up sand on the steep side of one dune on speed it had built up from a hair-raising roller-coaster ride down the last one, reached the sharp crest, teetered a sickening moment on its undercarriage, then pitched over to start another ride just like it, he yelled over the roar of the engine, "Are you bored?"

He rode the roller coaster just outside of town oftener than the desert dunes on the unmarked track from Tripoli south to Sebha, first used by Rome's Third Augusta Legion, then by the camel caravans on their way to Central Africa. This, not the new asphalt Fezzan Road, was the most direct route south, the one taken by the English lady archaeologist, a determined, knowledgeable, highly organized woman whose caravan Percival usually managed to join when he took a deep-desert trip. He wasn't enough of a mechanic to lead his own. Once, on a short expedition, the end truck of three, the Champion in which Percival and his wife were riding, failed to reappear over the crest of a hummock. One of the other trucks drove back and found the Champion stalled, Percival standing alongside, but no sign of his wife. "Little kick-up in the carburetor," Percival explained, adding casually, "Be right-o in a jiffy." "But where," the other driver asked, "is *Mrs.* Botts?" "Under the car," said Percival.

People told these tales about Percival (or Wadi, as they called him) Botts, but, as with most celebrities, very few people knew him personally. He never went to parties; you were wasting your stamp to ask him. And he never invited you to his house.

I dropped in on him to deliver a message one Saturday afternoon, when the paper had been put to bed (any other day I'd never have found him).

"Care for something to drink?" he asked me.

"Thanks. Gin and tonic," I said.

"No tonic."

"Soda?"

He poured gin and soda (no ice) in a water goblet and handed it to me.

There were two cats inside the house, forty outside. Every evening he fed them a mash of four loaves of bread and seven pounds of ground camel meat. He couldn't stand to see a cat go hungry. His cook was setting the table, an Italian woman; Libyan men can't cook, and Libyan women are in purdah and can't leave the house. His houseman was watering the lawn—a huge Turk with mustachios like a uaddan's horns and a gold ring in his right ear whom Percival swore by—"only damn servant in Libya who'll let himself be beat."

Percival himself was staring at me from across the room, out of pale-blue, lashless eyes in a desiccated-looking face, eternally sunburned. His head was twitching to the left; and with every twitch he blinked.

He said, "I eat at six-thirty."

I looked at my watch; it was six-thirty.

Meekly, I swallowed my drink—he'd only just handed it to me—and, imparting my message in the fewest words possible, left.

Still, I think he liked me all right, even though I was an American. It wasn't so much the nationalities he objected to as the groupiness of them. And the reason he enjoyed putting the needle to the English even more than into us was that the English were even groupier than we were. If Percival was convinced you didn't belong to any particular group, he could be warmhearted and generous, as he was to an American artist who, with his wife and three-year-old daughter, was driving in a Minibus from Tangier to Istanbul when he became stranded, broke, in Tripoli.

The artist went to the *Weekly Wadi* office to put an ad in the paper for a family that in exchange for portraits, singly or in group, would give them room and board.

"You can live in my garage," Percival told him (part of his garage was fixed up quite nicely, with a toilet and Coleman camp stove).

Percival seemed to have been willing to let the artist and his family (no portraits required) stay in his quarters indefinitely. But the artist reneged.

"For Christ's sake," he told me, "he does everything at exactly the same time, every day. He drives me nuts."

It seemed that the light in Percival's bedroom was turned on each morning at precisely five o'clock, the

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bathroom light thirty seconds later; then, in twenty-four more minutes, *these* lights were extinguished and the kitchen lighted up. Eighteen minutes after that, the kitchen light went out, and with the darkness outside not even beginning to lift, the front door opened on Percival with a flashlight, lighting his way to the driveway where his two desert trucks were parked. Here—the first and only unpredictable—he got into one *or* the other and drove off.

"It's fourteen and one-half minutes to six he leaves," the artist complained. "And I'm not kidding about that half minute, either. At fourteen and one-half minutes to six, he always leaves."

It wasn't being awakened at that early hour he objected to; I very much doubt he'd got to bed by then. It was the grinding regularity.

"It's like he's got this time compulsion. He must be some kind of nut," the artist said, and moved himself and his family out.

Percival *had* to have a time compulsion to put out the paper without, most of the time, any staff to help him, and always the trouble with the printer's errors, like those last words we may ever hear from him coming through as "thankyou." Of course, the New York *Times's* International Edition had the same trouble; but Percival's troubles went beyond that.

I once wrote an article for him on the Greek ruins in Cyrene in eastern Libya, birthplace of an early philosopher, Aristippus, a Cynic. He titled it "Cyrene: Town of Cynics."

"I had wanted to call it "Cyrene: City of Cynics," he told me after the piece came out. "But I couldn't."

"Why not?" I asked him.

"Well, you know, we've only the two *y*s."

He and the *Weekly Wadi* stuck it out—after the circumstances occurred that were beyond his control in the Middle East—long enough to report, in the last issue, on the evacuation of six thousand western women and children to Naples. Is that where he is now? Reporting on the sojourns of Edie and Al in Naples? Or is he himself back in Kent . . . brrrr?

Wherever you are, Wadi Botts, good-bye. And thank*you*.

Bloody Murder

JAY JACOBS

I'm not the omnivorous moviegoer I once was, and have to be pretty well convinced a film is worth seeing these days before I'll go to see it. I knew *Bonnie and Clyde* was worth seeing as soon as I'd finished reading an unequivocal castigation by a well-known veteran critic who is never happier than when he is being served copious quantities of odorless uplift by Cary Grant or Doris Day.

His (and, as I subsequently discovered, several other reviewers') principal objections to *Bonnie and Clyde* seem to be that its producers have been unable or unwilling to hew to historical fact (a failing they share with William Shakespeare, among others); that they have made sympathetic, likable—even, in their own curious way, moral—human beings of characters whose prototypes were a "sleazy, moronic pair" of Depression desperadoes; and that while the "hideous depredations" of their historical models are embarked upon with a measure of levity by the people we see on the screen, a number of episodes end in bloodbaths that are depicted in a most harrowing realistic style.

My own recollections of the real-life Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow are hazy in the extreme, and I'm not interested enough in their abruptly punctuated careers to take the trouble of learning more about them. Perhaps it was a mistake on the part of the film's makers to employ a few pseudo-documentary devices in the early going, but I'm willing to forgive them a ploy obviously adopted in the interests of verisimilitude. I am also willing to state flat out that the film is the best of its genre ever made, the realest evocation of the rural American 1930's screened to date (all the movies *made* in the 1930's included), and one of the most trenchant commentaries on the senseless drift of American life into violence; a drift that writers like Jules Feiffer and Norman Mailer suddenly (and perhaps too late) have begun to view with the utmost alarm.

The tale the film unfolds is a simple one indeed. A pretty small-town Texas waitress, bored to distraction with slinging hash at loutish truck drivers, recognizes her only hope of escape during a chance encounter with an ingratiating parolee who persuades her to go into the bank-robbing business with him. The young lady is soon disabused of some of her more romantic notions by the realization that her hero is sexually impotent and that armed robbery is just one more form of ill-paying drudgery. The simple-mindedness of a good-natured young recruit to the enterprise results in a first unwelcome killing. Domestic problems arise when a brother and sister-in-law deal themselves in, and life somehow becomes increasingly mundane, taking on a sort of nightmare normality, even in the midst of perpetual flight and frequent gunplay. The girl's loyalty finally has a tonic effect on her inamorato's self-esteem and, after a few hours of relative peace, the lovers are betrayed and die in a truly withering hail of gunfire, jigging involuntarily to the lethal spatter in which they are caught.

Much of the action is garnished with a brand of corn-pone humor which struck me as natural enough to the characters, the period, and the locale (Texas, Missouri, Louisiana, Iowa), but which has incurred the wrath of several reviewers who see it as nothing but a cheap play for easy laughs. Many of these same reviewers have also objected to the movie's Mack Sennett overtones, but here again, it seems to me that the characters in question *would* have modeled their actions on the patterns drawn by movies they had seen. And if the jalopies that figure in the chase scenes were not really as acrobatic as they appear to have been on screen, I am perfectly willing to accept some expressionistic heightening of effect to get the feel of the thing.

And the feel is there: When Clyde

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eats an Eskimo Pie at a family reunion, the tinfoil almost sings against your own teeth; and when a burly farmer dressed up in Sunday clothes for the most momentous event of his life (the betrayal) emerges from the cool depths of an ice-cream parlor, a pint of hand-dipped held daintily in one paw, the effect—at least on anyone who knew the time and the place—is as compelling as that of Proust's madeleine.

There are occasional false steps and momentary lapses to be sure. The F.D.R. posters and NRA stickers, for example, are too obtrusive in the early scenes, a couple of references to the pop culture of the times are too self-consciously evocative, and one shot of a dispossessed farm wife is too artily close to a Dorothea Lange photo of the period. But once the scene setting is out of the way, the director, Arthur Penn, hits an admirably natural stride, and by the time a file of Burma-Shave signs whizzes by in an illegible blur, the whole venture has become vividly, immediately alive. (The cast, incidentally, headed by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in the title roles, and featuring Michael J. Pollard, Gene Hackman, Estelle Parsons, and Dub Taylor, is uncommonly good, and the photography superb.)

"THEY'RE YOUNG . . . they're in love . . . they kill people." So reads the advertising copy for *Bonnie and Clyde*—copy that seemed, before I had seen the picture, flip and irritating, with mindless implications of mindless James Bond sadism. And it is this abrupt shifting of gears in the film itself, from flippancy to horror, for which so many critics have reserved their most outraged invective. Small wonder: for decades the movies have conditioned us to the notion that violence is the ultimate flippancy, and it is hardly likely that any movie will be well received that refuses to indulge in the perennial irresponsibility of a medium that has thriven on violence but "spared" its audience the realization of what violence really is; that has palmed off on its public the obscene deception of making slaughter the stuff of light entertainment; and that has unfailingly choreographed the conversion of human flesh to butcher's meat, with all its concomitant grotesqueries, as an act of balletic grace and surgical precision.

There is a grim irony in hearing critics scream bloody murder when finally presented with an approximation of the genuine article (where were their outcries while a whole society was being marinated in violence?) or in hearing them howl with moral indignation when one of the very rare *moral* films of violence turns up. Their confusion is understandable, though; for one thing, the characters in *Bonnie and Clyde* are not the stereotypes of Hollywood gangsterism, but believable little people with believable little vanities and ambitions—and with an abiding faith in the traditional American system of values as advertised from the pulpit and the speaker's platform, in the inspirational novel, and on the silver screen. For another, scenes of the most appalling horror often take place in settings of shimmering beauty (an Okie encampment on the Gulf of Mexico, a willow-edged creek in Missouri), to remind us of the Eden America might have remained had it not been corrupted by the forces and drives and peculiar values that could produce a Bonnie or a Clyde.

Melodious Albion

ROLAND GELATT

ENGLAND'S reputation as *das Land ohne Musik* was never entirely justified, even at the height of Victorianism, but there was enough truth in the gibe to make it stick. Throughout the nineteenth century, Britain sat on the sidelines of music. It provided lucrative employment for imported singers and instrumentalists, even secured a receptive hearing for a few imported composers, but its native achievements were altogether negligible. Only a madly optimistic prophet could have foretold in 1867 that England would be luxuriating a century hence in the fruits of a rich musical rebirth —or that it would have become one of the world's leading exporters of music and musicians.

The story of that remarkable flowering is told by Frank Howes in *The English Musical Renaissance* (Stein & Day, $10), an urbanely erudite account of the major and minor composers who combined to put England back on the musical map of Europe after a hiatus of two hundred years. Its theme is one of gradual emancipation from bondage to the Continent—and to Germany in particular. English music took wing as soon as it learned to speak with a genuinely English accent.

The groundwork was laid in the late nineteenth century with the rediscovery of English folk song and the revival of Tudor music. But even before these influences began to take effect, a new note was sounded in the work of Elgar, who by sheer force of genius managed to inject a strain of vivid Englishness into the otherwise stultifying *lingua franca* of the German symphonic tradition. Thereafter the floodgates opened and English composers crowded on the scene: Delius, Holst, and Vaughan Williams; Ireland, Bax, and Bliss; Walton, Tippett, and Britten. Too diverse to be called a school, they were nevertheless palpably English in style and expression, and they contributed significantly to the world's stockpile of memorable music. Within the space of forty years —from the first performance of Elgar's *Enigma Variations* in 1899 to the emergence of Benjamin Britten in the late 1930's—England did much to erase the stigma of two centuries of musical mediocrity.

HOWES's history of the period appears at a time when record companies are turning increasingly to the English repertory, and the book serves as a useful guide to a number of recent releases. Occasionally one must be prepared to take the author's enthusiasms with a grain of salt. Like all English critics,

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he is apt to praise the work of his countrymen in overly extravagant terms. Thus, the chapter on Gustav Holst hails the one-act chamber opera *Savitri* as "a masterpiece," a designation that could lead an unsuspecting reader to acquire the recording of this piece (London Argo NF-6, stereo and mono) with higher expectations than it warrants.

"Masterpiece" suggests something that will hold its own, if not with *Don Giovanni* at least with *Dido and Aeneas,* and *Savitri* belongs in lesser company altogether, though it certainly merits the attention of anyone who responds to Holst's fresh harmonic language and otherworldly discourse. The work is based on an episode from the Sanskrit epic *Mahabharata.* There are three soloists, a wordless chorus of female voices, and a chamber orchestra. Despite the small forces, the opera works up to a pitch of considerable intensity—particularly in the soaring ariosos of Savitri, set against the ethereal incantations of a women's choir hovering behind the scenes. But though the sounds are always lovely, *Savitri* leaves one with the unsatisfied feeling that the composer said less than he intended. Strauss did the same sort of thing better in *Die Frau ohne Schatten.* Imogen Holst, the composer's daughter, is in charge of this recorded performance, and mezzo-soprano Janet Baker wrings the full measure of nectar from Savitri's ecstatic flights.

Holst's most celebrated composition is *The Planets,* a suite of seven movements (Pluto was still to be discovered in 1917), each carrying a message of purportedly astrological significance, from the tender serenity of "Venus" and the somber poignance of "Saturn" to the sprightliness of "Mercury" and the euphoria of "Jupiter." It is a splendid piece of orchestral necromancy and, unlike many examples of its type, does not pall with repetition. The latest recording by the New Philharmonia Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult (Angel 36420, stereo and mono) is by all odds the one to have, not only because of its faultless wide-range engineering but also because Boult —who led the first performance a half century ago—succeeds better than anyone else in evoking the icy repose that lies at this music's core.

Delius, Bax, and Ireland are treated together by Howes in a chapter called "The Late Romantics," and the same composers provide material for a new recorded collection entitled "English Tone Poems" (Angel 36415, stereo and mono). Delius is represented by *The Walk to the Paradise Garden,* the prelude to *Irmelin,* and *A Song of Summer;* Bax by the symphonic poem *Tintagel;* and Ireland by *A London Overture.* Performances are by Sir John Barbirolli and the London Symphony. Barbirolli's approach to Delius does not have quite the silken finish of Beecham's, but he is a most persuasive advocate for Bax's luxuriant Cornish seascape and for Ireland's

jaunty portrait of London. Unfortunately, this is the kind of music that does eventually wear out its welcome. Delius, especially, is a composer who makes an overwhelming first impression and then quickly begins to cloy. But better a fleeting impression than none at all. It is easy to understand the impact that these composers made on their astonished countrymen in the years just before and after the First World War, and it is worthwhile to have such attractive samples of their work together on one disc.

THE VARIOUS STRANDS in England's musical reawakening were united, Howes asserts, in the person of Benjamin Britten, though I find it hard to detect in his music much evidence of the earthy ebullience that informs the work of Elgar, Holst, and Vaughan Williams. At any rate, no other English composer since Elgar has gained anything like Britten's renown. This has partly to do with the fact that his strength lies in opera and that he lives at a time when stageworthy new operas are much in demand. Singlehandedly, Britten has put England in the operatic big league. His works now belong in the repertory of every major opera house in the world.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is Britten's most successful opera to date, and the complete recording just issued under the composer's direction (London 1385 stereo, 4385 mono; three discs) merits an enthusiastic welcome. Here it may be permissible to speak of a masterpiece. Certainly this is the finest operatic setting of Shakespeare in his own words, and the work can stand comparison not only with Mendelssohn's incidental music for the play but also with Verdi's settings of *Otello* and *Falstaff.* I am not suggesting that Britten's opera is the equal of those matchless creations, but it is at least possible to speak of it in the same breath rather than relegating it to the level of Nicolai's *Merry Wives* or Gounod's *Romeo.*

The magic of the score lies in the composer's ability to weave a continuous spell of nocturnal fantasy. This is dream music *par excellence.* The scoring embodies many ingenious orchestral effects (for example, the mysteriously sighing strings throughout the first act), and it makes use of some unusual vocal timbres (a countertenor for the part of Oberon, boy sopranos for the fairies). Indeed, the opera is a triumph of inventiveness and good taste, and it improves on repeated acquaintance—except for the Pyramus and Thisbe play, which may be hilarious to watch but is tedious to hear. What it lacks—as does Britten's music as a whole—is a sense of animal vitality and a set of tunes that seem predestined for the matter at hand. Even at its very best there is something anemic and artificial about Britten's work. But the opera is so superior to most other contemporary efforts that one is willing to overlook its weaknesses. The cast of the recording reads like a who's who of British singers—Alfred Deller, Peter Pears, Josephine Veasey, the works—and they cope magnificently.

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C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

THROUGH THE GREAT CITY, by Anthony Bailey. *Macmillan. $5.95.*

Megalopolis, that densely populated chain of cities and suburbs stretching five hundred miles between Boston and Washington, D.C., is collectively the political, financial, corporate, and cultural capital of the United States. It presents other faces. To Westerners like Barry Goldwater, Megalopolis is the home of effete, socialistic Easterners, whose land should be cut loose from the continent and shoved into the Atlantic —provided, of course, that this enterprise requires no Federal financing. To the French geographer Jean Gottmann, who named it, Megalopolis is "the cradle of a new order in the organization of inhabited space," in which the old distinction between rural and urban has yielded to a less sharply differentiated, suburban-style settlement filling the corridors between the old central cities. To Greek planner Constantinos Doxiadis, Megalopolis is a regional prototype of Ecumenopolis, a Brave New World city whose tentacles, within a few centuries, will envelop the dry parts of the globe.

Anthony Bailey has based his book on a leisurely automobile trip through this most thickly settled region of the United States. From Boston, he rambled irregularly southwestward through Worcester, Providence, Hartford, New Haven, New York City, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. He visited friends who briefed him about the local scene and interviewed planners, architects, critics, developers, and others professionally concerned with shaping environment. He inspected a salt marsh, seashore dunes, and a wildlife preserve, all threatened by the relentless march of bulldozed progress. He visited the rebuilt cores of old cities, colonial villages engulfed in the flood of advancing development spilling out from the central cities, and new towns designed to demonstrate the planned alternative to chaotic sprawl, with its reckless consumption of natural open space and its needlessly spiraling costs for public services. (Good land planning can cut a local government's per capita operating cost to half that of a typical sprawling subdivision.)

A confessed amateur in city planning, Bailey has several advantages as a novelist-journalist. Unlike some professional planners, who compete with the sociologists as purveyors of jargon, the literate amateur can write in English; instead of saying that "some people may have attitudinal preferences for spatial propinquity," the amateur can simply say that they like to live close together in densely populated cities. The immediate, personal approach of *Through the Great City* makes more interesting reading than even a well-written book like Gottmann's fact-packed, encyclopedic study, *Megalopolis: The Urbanized Northeastern Seaboard of the United States.* Bailey's account of his desperate search for a Manhattan parking place and the destruction of a friend's car, set afire by a fanatic who had been boxed in, portrays, as no professional description could, the nerve-jangling struggle of daily life in the supercity. His historical digressions —tracing the rise, decline, and fall of New England's deserted mill villages, or recording Captain Marryat's expression of the nineteenth century's arrogant, anthropocentric attitude toward nature—illuminate our understanding of the present.

Unfortunately, Bailey ignores some important aspects of Megalopolis, and he dips only superficially into the great issues of city planning. He virtually overlooks the ghetto slum dwellers. ("Slums" doesn't even appear in the six-page index.) The friends he visited, and almost all his interviewees, represent the sophisticated professional classes. A chapter on a New York or Philadelphia slum, featuring an interview with a rural migrant, would have rounded out his picture. The closest Bailey got was a brief visit with a housing consultant to a blighted area in South Philadelphia.

BAILEY'S failure to grasp basic planning issues shows up in his discussion of the Great Swamp, a remarkable Morris County, New Jersey, wildlife preserve that the Port of New York Authority wants for a fourth metropolitan-area jetport. Though he sympathizes with the local people's fight against the jetport, Bailey seems to think that there is some vital regional interest in building it. The Port Authority's interest, however, is much narrower than the region's. According to the Regional Plan Association, the banishment of air taxis and corporate and private planes from New York's three major airports could relieve the need for a fourth jetport at least until 1980. In response to proposals for shifting the handful of affected passengers to other airports or to other modes of transportation, the Port Authority argues that they would not find them "equally convenient," or "would still rather fly." Thus at bottom, the Great Swamp jetport controversy pits the convenience of a few thousand air travelers against the interest of millions in the larger community.

The fantastic thing about the controversy, however, is the publicly unchallenged acceptance of the Port Authority's reasons for pushing the jetport—a warning that without it, the New York area might not "grow and thrive." The beneficence of stimulating growth is by no means a self-evident axiom of good planning policy. Already there are about nineteen million people in the New York metropolitan region, and the Regional Plan Association foresees twenty-five million by 1985. By far the fastest growth will continue in outlying counties like Morris, where frantically built, unplanned residential tracts, shopping centers, and neon-lit commercial strips are already driving the boundaries of the open countryside farther from the teeming population centers, whose motorists jam the packed highways on weekends seeking recreational es-

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cape. Construction of the jetport, and the ancillary development it will inspire, would make an already difficult situation impossible.

Common sense alone would suggest restraint in deliberately accelerating the growth of the world's largest metropolis, and we have several European examples of growth-controlling policies as precedents. Great Britain has long had a policy of limiting the growth of London. Surrounding the city is a thirty-six-thousand-acre Green Belt, from six to ten miles wide, preserved largely undeveloped for London's recreation seekers. Parliamentary legislation dating back to the 1930's prevents the atrocious sprawl with which land speculators and fast-buck developers have choked U.S. metropolises. But the European politicians' and planners' efforts to preserve environmental amenities for their city dwellers have no real counterpart in the United States, where bigger still means better and population races between cities and states are a sort of booster-sponsored sport. If the failure to build a fourth jetport could help slow the New York metropolitan region's growth, could any reasonable man want a better argument for forgetting it?

Another criticism concerns Bailey's irrelevant digressions. Among other divagations, the book contains a diatribe against American cooking of Brussels sprouts, detailed reports on Bailey's troubles with his jeep (punctured exhaust pipe, broken windshield wipers), daily luncheon menus ("a medium rare hamburger with ketchup and a slice of raw onion, and a cup of coffee"), and hometown gossip (Bonnie Davis had had a baby; the Hoaglands had finally found an apartment that suited them"). Introduced to a pair of graduate students assigned as his guides on a marshland tour, Bailey describes them thus: "Moore was six foot one and was wearing boots. Tietjen was six foot four and was wearing sneakers."

I realize, of course, that the *New Yorker*, which published the major part of *Through the Great City*, likes the intimate, personal style of reporting, to bring a narrative to life. Nonetheless, this book needs less of the casual style and more solid research.

Maine: The Lobster

I.
One sees lobsters
in restaurant cases—
humiliated things
become sluggish
after air express,
clumsily to be maimed
and butterfingered
on kindergarten bibs.
Dry-land men know
nothing of gray water,
or tending to traps,
or which claw to peg;
they scarcely dare
pick up a lobster,
and they never feel
the sea's movement
telegraph through life
ecstasies of death.
Too many midlanders
pretend as their own
old, ocean symbols;
deprived, landlocked,
they invent pleasure
and aspire to it.

II.
Lobsters are piece-by-pieced,
Weed-black worn to weed-gold
Where each thin plate is hinged,
And since no creature is
Too primitive for pain,
Beneath this shell one cord
Feeds feeling to the brain.
These facts are commonplace.
Some natives have the skill
To hypnotize a lobster—
By a hand's friction urged
Where the body curls under,
They numb the boiling up
Of death. If this is not
More senseless artifice—
Like salting kettle water
To imitate the tides
And make death comfortable;
Like packing bitter weeds
Over the oval stones
So burst pods hang the wind
Heavy with sea—perhaps
It is old ritual
To soothe some sunken god.

Maine: From the Midwest

I learned one kind of growing old
On ledges leaning out from land
To break the sea, and I admired
The solemn wasting of the rocks
Which grudge one crystal at a time;
I watched whole childish afternoons
How years decay, and found written
The measure of them in the shade
Of tidal pools and the relief
Of breakwaters. There, when I was
Close witness brooding on the way
Shorelines weather out of the mind
By slow surrenderings, I could
Imagine plunging out to sea
Face down through breakers rumoring
My destiny, afloat on tides
Buoying life to some timeless coast.
Today I count my dwindling years
From a world ignorant of tides;
I lie against the prairie earth,
Splitting the parched Iowa grass;
I tell the dry wind what I miss,
Asking that it blow to the East
And return having learned dignity.
I know one kind of growing old,
And would be as splendid in mine.

—ROBLEY WILSON, JR.

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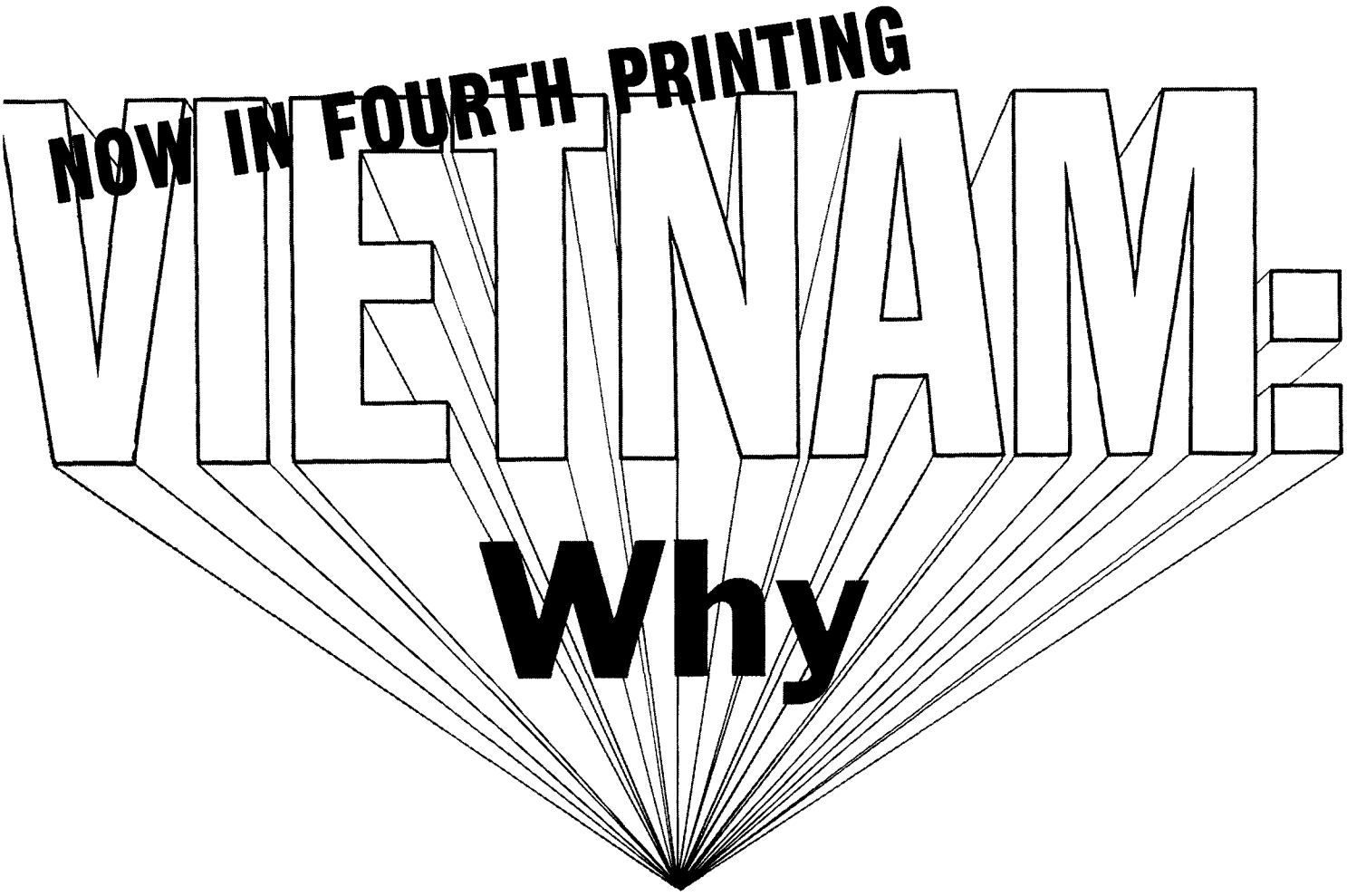

With the first three printings of *Vietnam: Why* sold out, and orders for the book still coming in at a fast rate, The Reporter has gone back on press to print a fourth edition.

Vietnam: Why has proved, evidently, most useful to those who want to have an understanding of the situation in that country—as it affects the United States, Southeast Asia, indeed, the world. Such an understanding *is essential to all responsible Americans.*

The confusion... the dissension... the *emotions* which surround the war led us to prepare the backgrounder report—*Vietnam: Why.*

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In 1965 and 1966, THE REPORTER and Max Ascoli, as editor, and Denis Warner, as correspondent, were cited by The Overseas Press Club for "best reporting from abroad" and "best interpretation of foreign affairs." Much of that coverage was on Southeast Asia. Much of it is published in *Vietnam: Why.*

There are articles on China, the N.L.F., Thailand, the young generals, the refugee problem, the Ho Chi Minh trial, the Buddhists, the Geneva Agreements. Plus Max Ascoli's editorials spelling out THE REPORTER'S position.

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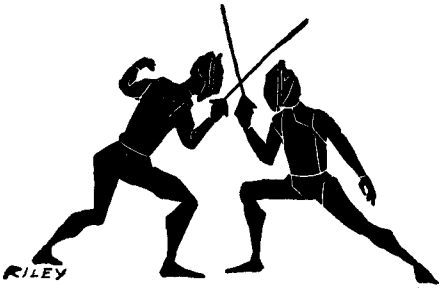

A Death In Theory

ROBERT SKLAR

DEATH KIT, by Susan Sontag. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.75.*

Death Kit is neither a memorable novel nor an exceptionally good one. But it is good enough to read through, enjoy, and forget. One can feel certain that this is precisely the kind of novel Susan Sontag wanted it to be. Miss Sontag has astonishingly and triumphantly (from her own point of view) written a work of fiction that vindicates her most controversial critical themes: *Death Kit* deliberately defies interpretation.

A year ago, in her book of essays *Against Interpretation*, Miss Sontag proclaimed that interpretation of art works was stifling and reactionary. Once it may have been useful to probe for the latent content of a work, but now it was a cowardly impertinence to do so; the manifest content, what the everyday reader or observer sees, is all that a work should be.

Interesting as her aesthetic theory was, it was weakened by tactical errors at several points. Miss Sontag was all too sweeping in condemnation of her peers, generalizing from the worst. And in her own critical essays she managed to break all the rules of her theory. Clearly art is too diverse to be captured by any single theory; so Miss Sontag has produced a work expressly tailored to her own.

Death Kit, then, is an experiment. It succeeds as an experiment principally because it succeeds in telling a good story. A young advertising man, Dalton (Diddy) Harron, works in a firm that manufactures microscopes. Traveling by train to a sales meeting, he believes he kills a workman while the train is stopped in a tunnel, then makes love to a blind girl in a washroom. Miss Sontag's suspenseful tale unfolds from there. She has carefully calculated her effects—an apparent murder and amateur detection, sex and courtship, business problems, family tensions, even an unjustly treated dog. Miss Sontag's first novel, *The Benefactor*, was written for avant-garde tastes, but *Death Kit* is accessible to tired businessmen and housewives. If all that sex and murder turns out to be a dream, should they care?

The symbol sniffers and the inveterate interpreters will hunt for the real story behind Miss Sontag's elegant soap opera. For them she has laid so many spoors, so thickly and in so many obvious paths, that the interpretive bloodhounds may never stop baying. Every "now" in the novel comes out "(now)." Here and there paragraphs are indented for no reason. Deliberately the narrative voice is made ambiguous—sometimes an omniscient author, sometimes a mysterious participatory "we." Freudian symbolism pervades the novel in an almost mocking fashion, and for interpreters unsympathetic to psychoanalysis, there are intricate hints and clues on the theme of vision—the blind girl and the microscopes, for a start.

In case some dauntless critic ponders Norman O. Brown and Marshall McLuhan long enough and ends up making sense of *Death Kit*, Miss Sontag undercuts her story on the final page. She implies . . . it was a last dream before death? . . . the mind's last impulse after death? It is clear only that she prefers to diffuse the reality of her story, to destroy by surprise whatever emotional catharsis the reader may feel. She wants the reader to leave her book behind when he puts it down. If he is not content with the story and unmindful of her purpose, then he will still be too confused and exasperated to interpret it.

THIS NOVEL defies interpretation, then, not by denying interpretation but by providing a surfeit of phony hints and false leads, by killing the interpreters with kindness. There may be other and better ways to write uninterpretable fiction, but undeniably Miss Sontag has succeeded with her own. *Death Kit* destroys itself in the mind, if not in pages, print, and binding. It is not a window on the world, not a transformation of reality. It is self-enclosed, leaving no emotional traces and no mental reverberations. The physical book remains, like an empty stage after the players have gone off.

One could argue with Miss Sontag about the nature and destiny of fiction, but it would be foolish to generalize from *Death Kit*. Miss Sontag is not likely to repeat an experiment, and she is capable of infinite surprise. She has an extraordinary mind, and *Death Kit*, on its own terms, is a brilliant success—but it succeeds no better than the interpretive criticism she justly condemns in liberating fiction or clearing the air.

The Bachelor

The crab squats in his shell.
He dreams on vertebrae
and tries to hide his eyes
with barnacles for lids.

If he thinks of himself
as a cripple, no one
guesses; no agencies
solicit his welfare,

and when he takes a walk
he is surreptitious
about destinations
and his desire for them.

That he is devious
is no serious charge.
Medallion on the beach,
he knows his own value.

At night he shines, the moon
picks him for her bauble,
in and out of the sea
he sidles like onyx

or a black horoscope.
The gulls brood over him,
the ledges wait for him.
He is headed somewhere.

—ROBLEY WILSON, JR.

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The Learn-in.

Today, just trying to keep up with the world around us means that nobody can afford to drop out of the educational process. And that's where television comes in... helping fill in the information gaps. For example, this month's programs report on electronic medicine. Ecumenism and modern theology. The problems of mental retardation. The dilemmas of the aged. And the facts behind political crises.

The listing below may suggest dates for your family's Learn-in.

Discovery—The Declaration of Independence; The Constitution; Where the Sea Begins; The Island People; When the Circus Comes to Town. Sunday, Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22 & 29 (11:30-12 Noon)

The 21st Century—The Computer Revolution; The Four-Day Week; Bats, Birds and Bionics; Medical Electronics. Sunday, Oct. 1, 15, 22 & 29 (6-6:30 pm)

The Fighting Prince of Donegal—Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color: From the historical novel on Ireland's 16th Century struggle for freedom. Sunday, Oct. 1, 8 & 15 (7:30-8:30 pm)

Andrew Wyeth—Who, What, When, Where, Why: Examination of the outstanding American artist's appeal. Tuesday, Oct. 3 (10-10:30 pm)

World Series—Full coverage of the classic. Starting Oct. 4 (time TBA)

Raymond Burr Visits Vietnam—The actor's impressions of Vietnam. Friday, Oct. 6 (10-11 pm)

Three Philosopher-Theologians—Visual imagery interprets the writings of modern thinkers of three faiths: Buber, Bonhoeffer, Teilhard de Chardin. Sunday, Oct. 8 (10-11 am)

Barbra Streisand Special—Barbra Streisand in a special from New York City. Wednesday, Oct. 11 (10-11 pm)

Duke Ellington—Bell Telephone Hour: A study of the jazz innovator on tour. Friday, Oct. 13 (10-11 pm)

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night—CBS Playhouse: Original play about an aging man's dilemma, starring Melvyn Douglas, Shirley Booth, others. Tuesday, Oct. 17 (9:30-11 pm)

American Profile—A study of Canada and the question of a "mosaic state" vs. a melting pot. Friday, Oct. 20 (10-11 pm)

Johnny Belinda—Poignant drama of a deaf-mute girl, starring Mia Farrow, Barry Sullivan, Ian Bannen, David Carradine. Sunday, Oct. 22 (9-11 pm)

The Long Childhood of Timmy—Updated documentary of a retarded child and his family. Monday, Oct. 23 (10-11 pm)

Kismet—Armstrong Circle Theatre: Jose Ferrer, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Barbara Eden, George Chakiris and Hans Conried in an adaptation of the Broadway musical. Tuesday, Oct. 24 (9:30-11 pm)

With Love...Sophia—Sophia Loren with Jonathan Winters, Peter Sellers and Marcello Mastroianni in a musical produced in Rome. Wednesday, Oct. 25 (10-11 pm)

Regularly Scheduled Programs—Monday through Friday: Captain Kangaroo/ Today/ Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/ Who, What, When, Where, Why with Harry Reasoner

Thursdays: Good Company

Fridays: NBC News Special/ Bell Telephone Hour

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester/ G-E College Bowl/ Wide World of Sports/ ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/ Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/ Camera Three/ Discovery/ Directions/ Face the Nation/ Meet the Press/ The Catholic Hour/ Issues and Answers/ The Frank McGee Report/ The 21st Century/ Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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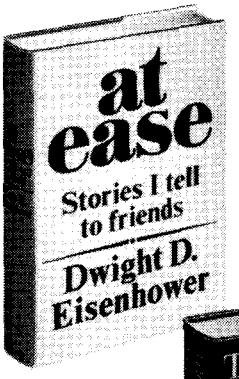

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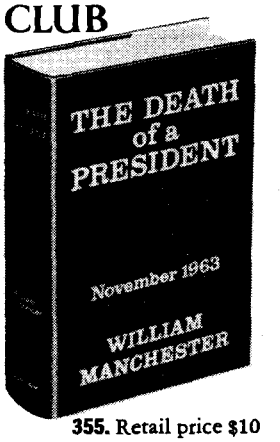

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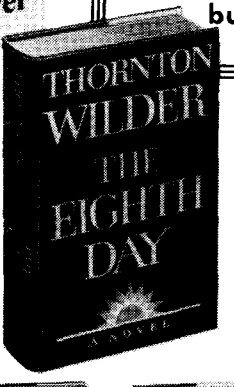

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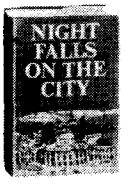

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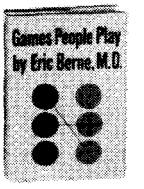

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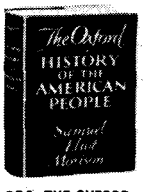

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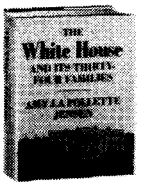

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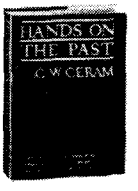

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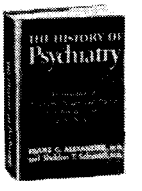

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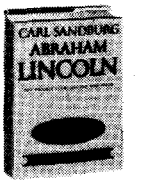

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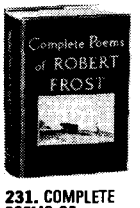

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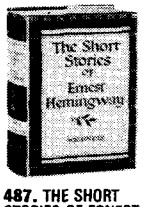

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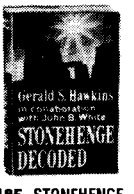

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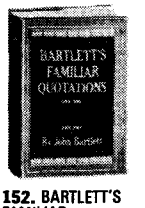

152. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS 13th edition (Retail price $10)

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